

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## THE ROBIN.

HARD winter strikes on the pools and the dikes,

The ice grows thick and the boughs bend low,  
Laden with ponderous loads of snow;  
Too keen the cold for the ravenous shrieks,  
And the cock has not spirit to crow.  
Winter weighs down on country and town,  
And fringes the holly robust and green  
With tangles and wreaths of yesternight  
And spangles of Christmas sheen;  
And the feathery birch is ghostly grown  
With cerements all of purest white;  
But on a twig, perched full in the light,  
One patch of red is seen.

At my neighbor's window, two round-eyed girls,

With plump-fed cheeks and dimpled chin,  
Flatten their noses and shake their curls,  
Snug in their own warm nest,  
To espy the gleam of a soldier-breast,  
That bears a heart, though small, within,  
As gallant and bold as the best.

Worms are locked up by the stingy frost,  
And berries are few and grubs are dear,  
And the greedy sparrows, a numerous host,  
Swoop down in a cloud, and sweep the coast,  
Whenever crumbs appear:  
But straight from his tree Robin makes a dart,  
And two lookers-on take Robin's part,  
As he fights for his morsel of cheer;  
And anon trills loud and clear  
A pluckier song than all the rest,  
For he carries about in his soldier-breast  
A heart that knows no fear.

This stout, small bird might surely have heard,  
In a dim, dark way, the gracious word  
Of Him who feeds the fowls when they cry, —  
Raven, robin, and linnet;  
For day by day his little, quick eye  
Sends wistful messages up to the sky,  
And down to his friends of earth;  
The fields lie bare, but spite of dearth,  
Providence leaves on the window-sill  
Some well-watched scraps for Robin's bill;  
So he gobbles them up with a hungry zest,  
And thankfulness fills his soldier-breast,  
And the brave little heart within it.

Stern Winter tightens her iron hold  
On all things living and all things dead:  
Silence prevails: the ruthless cold  
Waxes keener o'er field and fold, —  
Joy from the world seems fled.  
Round eyes peep out through the crusted pane,  
With shivering doubts and boding fears;  
Wondering Robin comes not again  
To pipe his merry "Good-morning" trill,  
And dry their rising tears.  
Alas! their fears had told them true;  
On the smooth-laid drift without a stain  
One lonesome patch arrests the view, —  
A bundle of feathers and two little legs,  
Stiff and upright as wooden pegs,  
With slender, motionless toes outspread,

And a heavenward-pointed bill:  
Like a tiny "warrior taking his rest,"  
There lies on the snow a soldier-breast,  
But the brave little heart is still.

Spectator.

EDWIN SMITH.

## TO-NIGHT.

I SET myself as a task to rhyme

To-night;  
For I knew that the hand of the olden time,  
Had lost its might;  
That the cadenced words that wont to chime,  
As true,  
And sweet as the bees in the murmurous lime,  
In summer do,  
Had grown as fickle, and cold, and shy,  
As the sunbeams are in an autumn sky;  
And so, because I loved the strain,  
That used to ring for my joy or pain,  
I strove to waken the spell again,  
Of rhyme and rhythm and sweet refrain,  
Nor heeded the bode, that sighed "in vain,"  
To-night.

I sate alone by the blazing ingle

To-night,  
And tried to fashion the musical jingle  
For my delight;  
Why should the soft sounds shun to mingle  
Aright,  
Because I am old and sad and single,  
In the hearth-light?  
Why? Have I loved so well and long  
The beauty of earth and the voice of song,  
To forget at last how the rich red rose  
Still droops on her stalk with the August's  
close;  
That the bright beck stops in its ebbs and flows,  
As the ice-bar creeps 'neath the drifted snows;  
And my heart takes the lesson that Nature  
knows,  
To-night?

All The Year Round.

## THE SWEET SAD YEARS.

THE sweet sad years, the sun, the rain,  
Alas! too quickly did they wane,  
For each some boon, some blessing bore;  
Of smiles and tears each had its store,  
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Altho' it idle be and vain,  
Yet cannot I the wish restrain  
That I had held them evermore;  
The sweet sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain  
That long within the mind has lain,  
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,  
"Nothing can ere the past restore,  
Nothing bring back the years again;"  
The sweet sad years!

Leisure Hour.

CANON BELL.

From The Quarterly Review.

## VAUBAN AND MODERN SIEGES.\*

THE eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth were conspicuous for the advance made in the art of war, with the exception of one of its most important branches. Embracing the campaigns of Marlborough, of Frederic, and of Napoleon, it was a period remarkable, not only for the number of battles fought, and the quality of the leadership, but even more for the amount of thought devoted to military theory, and for the improvements in strategy, tactics, and organization. This was the case also with some branches of military engineering. Fortification was further developed in the hands of Montalembert, Carnot, and the German engineers; while Bédior furnished besiegers with a new weapon in mine warfare, which largely affected its conditions and its practice. But during all this time, with the exception of underground operations, there was singularly little change in the mode of conducting a siege. It would have seemed preposterous, thirty or forty years ago, to give extracts from the drill-books of Marlborough's day, in order to show how troops should be drawn up; and yet it was almost a matter of course that an article on the attack of fortresses (like that written by the late Sir John Burgoyne for the *Aide-Mémoire* to the military sciences), should "give plans of the regular system of attack as laid down by Vauban, and never altered since, as the best illustration of the nature of the principal operations." Even now, though breech-loaders and rifled guns have wrought changes the full extent of which no one can foresee, this system in a great measure holds its ground. Ricochet fire has lost its value; parallels have changed their distances; it has become necessary for the siege batteries to open at an earlier stage and at ranges before undreamt-of; the details of the execution of saps and batteries are

completely altered: but the general principles which Vauban was the first to grasp, and which his rules embodied, remain as applicable as ever.

It would be difficult to point to any branch of the art of war, or perhaps to any other art, which has owed so great a stride to one man; and it is worth while so to examine the causes to which this was due. Foremost among these must be placed the rare qualities of Vauban himself, and the extraordinary opportunities he enjoyed. We shall endeavor, therefore, first, with the help of M. Michel's excellent biography, to give some idea of the man, and then to describe the way in which sieges were carried on in his time, and the changes he introduced.

Sébastien le Prestre de Vauban was born on the 15th of May, 1633. His father was the second son of the Seigneur de Vauban, and had served in the army, but he was at that time living in very straitened circumstances at the village of St. Léger du Fougeret, near Avallon, in Burgundy. Ten years afterwards he died, leaving his child without home or means of support; but the boy was adopted and educated by the curé of the village. Before he was eighteen he made his way to Flanders, and enlisted in the regiment of Condé, under a Burgundian captain. Thanks to the curé, he had by that time, according to his own account, "a pretty good knowledge of mathematics and fortification, and was not a bad draughtsman;" and so before long he was employed as an engineer. For two years he served under Condé, who in the latter part of 1651, in league with Spain, made war against the king. But in 1653 Vauban was taken prisoner, and was persuaded by Mazarin to transfer himself to the royal service. He had attracted notice at the siege of Ste. Menes, where he swam the Aisne under fire on the day of the assault; and he was now sent to assist in recovering that place for the king. For his services there he was given a lieutenancy in the Burgundian Foot, but he continued to be employed as before: and in 1655 he received his commission as one of the king's engineers. These did not constitute a corps at that time, but

\* 1. *Histoire de Vauban*. Par George Michel. Paris. 1879.

2. *Traité des sièges et de l'attaque des places*. Par le Maréchal de Vauban. Paris. 1829.

3. *Mémoire pour servir d'instruction dans la conduite des sièges*. By the Same. Leyden. 1740.

were drawn chiefly from the officers of infantry regiments, and retained their regimental commissions. In 1657 he had a company given him in the regiment of La Ferté, and in the following year he was entrusted with the chief direction of the attacks undertaken by Turenne's army, and was warmly commended by Mazarin at the close of the campaign. Eight years of peace followed, during which he was employed upon works at Dunkirk and elsewhere. When war again broke out in 1667 he greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Lille, under the eyes of the king; and he was made governor of the new citadel of Lille, which was built from his designs. During the six years' war which followed the invasion of Holland (1672-8) he had a chief share in seventeen sieges and one defence, and rose to be brigadier and major-general. At its close he was made commissary-general of fortifications, with the chief direction of all works of defence throughout France. In the short war which was ended by the treaty of Ratisbon, in 1684, the siege of Luxemburg gained him fresh reputation.

I get letters from all sides [he wrote to Louvois] to congratulate me that the King has had the goodness to make me lieutenant-general: it is even to be seen in print in the gazettes of Holland, and the historical journal of Woerden; but nevertheless those who ought to know best tell me nothing of it. So, if you please, Monseigneur, let me either be repaid the postage of the eighty or a hundred letters that I have had to pay for, or obtain from His Majesty that I should be made lieutenant-general indeed, so as not to give the lie to so many worthy people. (Michel, p. 196.)

But whether the king objected to have his favors forestalled by public opinion, or hesitated to give such unprecedented promotion to a mere engineer, it was not until four years afterwards that Vauban obtained the rank in question. The ten years' war which began in 1688, and closed with the peace of Ryswick, called him again into the field, and allowed him, especially at Philipsburg, Namur, and Ath, to perfect his method, and surpass his former achievements. In 1702 he had become the senior lieutenant-general,

and, learning that some new marshals were to be named shortly, he asked the king to include him among the number; or, if the nature of his duties would make that undesirable, at all events to make public the reason for passing him over. This highest dignity was not denied him, and in the beginning of 1703, four years before his death, he was made a marshal of France.

Such were the chief steps upward in Vauban's long career. The services by which these steps were earned form so long a list, that it would be tedious to attempt to specify them. A year before his death he himself summed them up as follows: "I am now in the seventy-third year of my age, bearing the load of fifty-two years of service, and the extra load of fifty important sieges and nearly forty years of incessant journeys to examine fortresses on the frontier, which have cost me much suffering and fatigue, both of mind and body, for winter and summer have been alike to me."\* In forty sieges he had the chief direction of the attacks, and in every one of these he was successful. He was twice engaged in the defence of fortresses: at Condé in 1656, and at Oudenarde in 1674. In the former case the garrison had to surrender from want of provisions; in the latter, the siege was soon raised. He is said to have designed or amended the works of more than one hundred and sixty fortresses, among which may be mentioned Dunkirk, Menin, Landau, Neuf-Brisach, and the citadels of Lille and Strasbourg.

It is not surprising that a man who brought to this extraordinary range of experience a remarkable capacity for turning experience to account, a singularly cool and sound judgment, and a freshness of mind that was proof against age, should have attained an unique position among military engineers. The chances of war, at no time very favorable to engineers, were in those days especially adverse. Vauban himself styled them "the martyrs of the infantry." In his later years he wrote:—

Formerly, men of that profession were very

\* Michel, p. 359.



scarce in France, and the few there were lasted so short a time, that it was still more rare to meet with any who had seen five or six sieges, and rarer still to find any who had done so without receiving several wounds, which, disabling them at the beginning or in the middle of a siege, prevented their seeing the end of it, and so gaining skill. (*Traité de l'attaque des places.*)

Besides, the direction of attacks formed only one branch of the engineer's duties. As Vauban himself said in a letter in 1693:—

I could teach any officer of common sense to manage an approach, a lodgment on the counterscarp, a descent into the ditch, an attachment of the miner, etc., in the course of three average sieges; but a good constructor is only to be made by fifteen or twenty years of application, and even then he must have had a variety of employment, and be a very hard-working man. We have at present a good number of men who are fit for sieges, but very few who thoroughly understand construction, and still fewer who understand both one and the other. . . . Engineering is a business beyond our strength; it embraces too many things for a man to be able to make himself perfectly master of it: I think so well of myself as to believe that I am one of the strongest of the lot, and capable of giving lessons to the most skilful of them, and yet with all that, when I examine myself, I find myself not more than half an engineer, after forty years of very hard study, and of the largest experience any one ever had. Thanks be to Him who has preserved me, and let me live till now!

He was himself repeatedly wounded—five times in his first five years of service, and three times afterwards, notwithstanding the solicitude of which he was latterly the object. In 1677 Louvois wrote to Marshal d'Humières, who was about to besiege St. Ghislain: "His Majesty is willing that you should take M. de Vauban with you, but strongly urges upon you to take care of him, and not to allow him to assume the direct conduct of the approaches." And in 1683 Marshal d'Humières, having again obtained Vauban's assistance for the siege of Courtrai, wrote apologetically to Louvois:—

I have not been able to prevent M. de Vauban from going into the town [during the attack on the citadel]; he promised me faithfully that he would not stir out of his lodging,

but would receive reports there from his engineers of what was going on. I even charged the Marquis d'Huxelles not to leave him, and to prevent his going near the citadel. We have been afraid that we should get into trouble about this; but you know that one cannot manage him just as one pleases, and if any one deserves to be scolded, I assure you it is not I. (Michel, p. 184.)

Incapable of courting danger for the mere display of courage, he was apt to expose himself in his anxiety to observe the enemy's works. The best way of reconnoitring a place, he says, in order not to attract attention and draw fire, is to leave one's escort concealed at a little distance behind, and to go forward alone, or almost alone; "That is what I have almost always done, and I have found it succeed." At Luxemburg he advanced in this way, night after night, up to the palisades of the covered way. Once he was discovered, but he made a gesture to the besieged not to fire, and walked onward instead of retiring. They concluded that he must be one of their own men, and allowed him to finish his observations, and to make his way back untouched.

The minister's anxious concern for Vauban's safety went hand-in-hand with unceasing demands on his exertions. During peace he was perpetually travelling from one part of France to another, inspecting works in progress or designing new ones. For instance, in 1681, after visiting Besançon, Phalsbourg, and Schlettstadt, in the east of France, he was by midsummer in the Isle of Rhé, on the west coast, planning a citadel and enceinte. After paying a visit to the harbor works at Toulon, he reached Strasbourg in October, at the moment of its seizure by Louis XIV. By the middle of November he had prepared his project, consisting of a large volume of manuscript and seventeen sheets of drawings, and providing for a new citadel and various improvements. From these labors he was hurried away by Louvois to Casale in Piedmont, where he arrived in the beginning of 1682.

He was married in 1660, but for the next fifteen years his wife lived with her parents. In 1675, having obtained a short leave of absence for the first time for

nearly ten years, he purchased the estate of Bazoches, near Avallon, and built a château there. This was henceforth his home, but his visits to it were brief and rare. It was not till after the peace of Ryswick that he enjoyed any real leisure.

Of his labors at sieges he has left some vivid pictures. After the fall of Luxemburg he writes to Louvois: "If you do not give me two or three days' rest after the siege, I am done for; at this moment I am so weary and so sleepy that I don't know what I say." But almost immediately afterwards he was on the road for Versailles, to receive instructions about the creation of the park and gardens, upon which the troops who had taken Luxemburg were set to work, and where they lost in a few months more men than they had lost in the siege. Again, during the siege of Philipsburg in 1688, Vauban excuses himself to Louvois for not writing more frequently.

I am overwhelmed [he says] with work, and it is not possible to visit daily two attacks, where one has to look and look again into I don't know how many different things, to argue, to detail, to give the same orders ten times over, and to spend an hour and a half or two hours every day in reporting everything to Monseigneur, to write to this man and to that, and a thousand other details that one has to go into, which make the days always too short to my mind; though my body, on the other hand, finds them full long. For if all our trenches were put end to end, they would form a straight line of six good leagues, of which I traverse every day more than two-thirds, usually with wet feet, and over a hundred thousand fascines, which have been used to pave the trenches, and which are about as easy as logs to walk over: judge of the pleasantness of the promenade.

Yet the day after Philipsburg surrendered, Vauban was already on his way to Mannheim, which was to be next besieged.

Neither rank nor age quenched his activity. When a marshal, he consented to serve as chief engineer at the siege of Brisach; and though seventy years old and suffering from chronic bronchitis, he writes:—

I am well enough satisfied with my last night, which I partly spent in searching the bends of the Upper Rhine, which may help the attacks on that side. I have found some very favorable sites there for reverse and ricochet batteries, which, please God, I shall take advantage of during the siege. It was daytime before I came away, soaked through by a light mist.

Even slights and mortifications could not check his eagerness to be serviceable. After the fall of Brisach it was determined to lay siege to Landau, and Vauban, on hearing of this, wrote to the minister:—

Old as I am, I do not yet sentence myself to repose, and when it is a question of rendering an important service to the King, I shall be ready enough to put all considerations on one side, whether as regards myself or as regards the dignity with which he has been pleased to honor me, persuaded as I am that anything, however small, is honorable, if it goes to serve the King and State; much more when it admits of such considerable service as I could render in the siege in question. On this account, although it is little to be desired for myself, since apparently it will be cold, wet, and lengthy, and there are many murmurs about the discomforts of the season we are entering on, and the postponement of winter quarters, of which the troops have so much need, I pass lightly over all these considerations, as well as over that of my own dignity, and I offer with all my heart all my practical experience to the King, in whatever capacity he may think fit. If I can succeed in satisfying him, I am sure to be satisfied myself. Therefore, sir, let me know his will; the sooner the better, for it is of no use to offer oneself, and even throw oneself at him, if one is not accepted. What compels me to speak to you in this way is that there seems to me to be an intention of conducting the siege without me. I confess that I am hurt at this.

The fact was that Marshal Tallard, who was to command at the siege, wished to have the credit of it himself, of which he feared that the presence of the great engineer would deprive him. But when Vauban learnt that he was not to be employed in the recovery of this place, which was one of his own masterpieces, he drew up an elaborate memoir on the best mode of attacking it. "I wish to console myself as best I can," he writes, "by imparting my ideas and knowledge to those who are to take my place, in order that I may at least have the satisfaction of not being altogether useless to his Majesty in an affair so important as this seems likely to be." During the siege of Turin, in 1706, he showed himself equally ready to labor for the success of an enterprise in which he was not able to take part; but his advice was disregarded by the presumptuous La Feuillade, and the siege ended in failure and disaster. Yet he was far from being insensible to slights. Shortly before the siege of Valenciennes, in 1677, he wrote to Louvois:

It is rather a curious thing to see that every one knows what you intend to do, and that it

is only to me that any secret is made of it; apparently I am to play an insignificant part in it, and my opinion is to count for nothing. Thank God, I will do my duty; but I will take care not to undertake all I have done at other sieges." I promise you that.

Though sharing most devoutly in the monarch-worship of his age and country, he was honorably distinguished by his self-respect and independence of tone. Louvois — a firm friend of his, but passionate and overbearing — repeatedly urged him, when he was fortifying Dunkirk, to substitute a redoubt for a certain hornwork. At length Vauban remonstrates: —

Settle what you please on that point by way of authority, but don't attempt to convince me by reason, since I have that altogether on my side; and in God's name let us have done with quibbling, for henceforward I will not spend another word in argument about the redoubt or the hornwork.

In 1671 it was alleged that frauds had been practised on working parties of the troops by engineers under his orders, and Louvois called on him for a report. Vauban warmly vindicated his subordinates, and took the chief responsibility on himself. He, if any one, deserves to be punished; or if he is innocent, then so do his accusers.

And as to that, Monseigneur [he adds], I will take the liberty of telling you that affairs have gone too far to stop here; for I am accused by persons whose names I shall find out, who have spread villainous reports about me, so that it is necessary that I should be most completely justified. In one word, you quite understand that unless you should go to the bottom of this affair you could not do me justice, and in failing to do me justice, you would oblige me to look out for means of doing myself justice, and to abandon forever fortification and all connected with it. So make a bold and strict examination, without any partiality; for I tell you freely that, relying upon a scrupulous honesty, I fear neither the King, nor you, nor all mankind put together. Fortune has made me by birth the poorest man of quality in France, but, as a recompense, it has favored me with an honest heart, so exempt from every kind of rascality, that it cannot bear the mere thought of it without horror.

St. Simon, who was no panegyrist, has described Vauban as "perhaps the most honest and most virtuous man of his age; and, with the reputation of being the most skillful in the art of sieges and of fortification, the most simple-minded, most truthful, and most modest." He was of middle height, strongly built, and of a hardy con-

stitution, of a rough and soldierly bearing, which seemed to denote a harsh and inflexible character. "But nothing could be further from him," says St. Simon; "never was man more gentle, more kindly, or more obliging."

It was the experience and authority which Vauban acquired by his extended service, that alone enabled him to mature his improvements in siege operations. If, like his distinguished predecessor Pagan, he had been incapacitated for active life before he reached the age of forty, his name would hardly have stood so high as Pagan's. He had served twenty-two years when he first made use of parallels, thirty-seven years when he first tried ricochet fire, and forty-six years before he was able to exhibit them both in full efficiency and in combination. But the general principles of the method, of which they formed the most striking features, had taken root in his mind much earlier.

The Dutch war of independence in the beginning of the sixteenth century had been mainly a war of sieges; and especially in the hands of Maurice of Nassau and his brother Frederic Henry, the process of taking a fortified place had been to a great extent systematized. Definite rules were laid down for the execution of the several varieties of siege works — lines, batteries, trenches, and saps, and for the passage of wet ditches. But the aim of the Princes of Orange was to make sure rather than to make haste. Months were spent in strengthening the besiegers' lines, so that the siege might not be interrupted. To guard the approaches as they advanced towards the place, small redoubts were made, usually at the angles of the zigzags, and in these the workmen took refuge in case of a sortie. With an enterprising garrison which made frequent sorties, the progress of the work was very slow. The redoubts served also to protect the batteries, which were themselves open to the enemy; and to make this protection easier, or to simplify the artillery service, a very large number of pieces was often massed in a single battery. In the generation that intervened between the Princes of Orange and Vauban, the fire of shells from mortars at high angles came increasingly into use; but otherwise the art of sieges made no marked progress, and lost something of the methodical character which Maurice had impressed on it. In 1669 Louvois, annoyed at his own ignorance of an art with which as war minister he had so much to do, called on Vauban to give him

some account of it. The "*Mémoire pour servir d'instruction dans la conduite des sièges*"\* which Vauban composed for him, hurriedly written as it was in the short space of six weeks, is of the highest interest; both as a picture of the siege warfare of that day, and as the starting-point of his own reforms. "Nothing," as he afterwards told Pellisson, "had ever been so useful to him as this attention and close consideration, pen in hand, of all that he had ever thought of or seen on this subject," and it was at this time that he shaped and settled the method of attack which he afterwards put in practice.†

In this memoir Vauban begins by enumerating the mistakes then commonly made in sieges. Among these, he dwells particularly upon the confused and unsystematic character of the attacks.

Men work on from day to day without ever knowing what they will do two hours hence. So that everything is done in a disorderly, tentative way; from which it follows that an approach is always ill-directed. The batteries and places of arms are never where they ought to be; proper arrangements are never made for establishing the lodgments; the besieger is never in a favorable position for meeting a sortie; and it never, or hardly ever, happens but that the approaches are longer by one-half or one-third than they need have been, and that after all they are enfiladed somewhere.

All this is mainly due to the interference of the general commanding in the trenches for the day.

The emulation between the general officers often leads them to expose their soldiers to no purpose, trying to make them do more than they can, and caring little if they get a score or two killed so long as they can obtain four paces more progress than their fellows. By their authority they direct the course of the approaches as they please, and are continually interrupting the plan of attack and all the arrangements of the engineer, who, far from being able to follow the systematic action which would have brought affairs to a good end, finds himself reduced to serve as the instrument of their varying caprices. Varying, I say, for one commands one way to-day, and to-morrow the general who relieves him will command quite another way; and as they are not always endowed with the highest capacity for matters of this sort, God knows what failures and what waste they cause, and how much needless blood they shed in the course of a siege. But what is most absurd is to see these gentlemen, when they have been relieved in

the trenches, describe and lament, or rather boast with a self-satisfied and complacent air, how they have lost a hundred or a hundred and fifty men during their turn of duty, among which perhaps there will be eight or ten officers and some brave engineers, who might have done service elsewhere. Is not that something to be pleased at? and is not their prince much indebted to those who obtain with the loss of a hundred men what might have been obtained by a little industry with a loss of ten? In truth, if States perish for want of good men to defend them, I know of no punishment severe enough for those who rob them of such men to no purpose.

This plain and strong language was not thrown away. At the siege of Maestricht, four years afterwards, the king entrusted to Vauban the sole direction of the siege works, and restricted the functions of the generals of the day to the command of the guard of the trenches.

But the fault did not lie wholly with the generals, as Vauban went on to explain in his memoir:—

To change the present system in the trenches, there is need of new instructions; need of engineers who have a strong hold of firmly established principles; of workmen specially trained and taught; of materials sufficient in quantity and good in quality; and above all of a fixed and constant resolution not to depart from rules which have been once laid down, when their soundness and utility have been verified by reason and experience.

To illustrate his criticisms on the mode of conducting sieges at that time, he took as an example the attack which he had himself directed against Lille two years before; which, as he says, "met with much approbation, and in which, to tell the truth, there were fewer useless proceedings than in any other for a long time past." He points out faults committed at every stage of this attack, and contrasts it with an imaginary attack upon the same front in which these faults are corrected. He particularly blames the want of proper support for the saps, and the position of the batteries (for which he was not himself responsible) at too great a distance from the fortress, and not far enough apart to give any real convergence of fire. And yet this was reckoned the best-managed attack in a siege where the king was present in person, and where there was no lack of men, money, munitions, or good engineers. It must be regarded as a very favorable specimen of the usual procedure. Hence he concludes that "when we succeed, it is rather owing to the weakness of the enemy than to our own merit. I leave others, then, to judge whether it

\* It was published at Leyden in 1740, and was erroneously described on the title-page as the treatise presented to Louis XIV. in 1704.

† Pellisson, *Lettres historiques*, iii. 270.

is important to remedy these defects, and to seek means of reducing the conduct of sieges to a more systematic and a less bloody method."

Such a method he goes on to describe in detail; a method by adopting which he is bold to affirm, that "the besieger would save more than three-fourths of the men usually lost, he would avoid much useless expense, he would be always safe, he would get on quite as fast as if he hurried, and lastly he would be certain to succeed in undertakings which now in most cases prove failures." He gives rules for placing the batteries, and for every stage of a siege. He connects the approaches by two extended "places of arms, at some distance from the fortress;" but the point on which he lays most stress is, that another place of arms should be made near the foot of the glacis, six yards wide and six hundred yards long, overlapping the heads of the approaches. The time spent in the formation of this third parallel (to call it by its later name) will be more than regained by the help it will afford in making the lodgments upon the crest of the glacis, apart from the saving of life. For "it is well established that in the sieges of places that make a good defence three times as many men are lost before the capture of the counterscarp, as are lost from that time up to the surrender of the place. This loss is always due to over-eagerness; we do not take half the precautions that such an enterprise requires, and, as a necessary consequence, instead of gaining one day we lose two, at the expense of our best soldiers who perish miserably on such occasions."

For infantry and artillery alike it is his constant aim to secure an enveloping position. "The attack which is able completely to envelop the front of a place attacked is preferable to all others. And on the contrary the worst of all attacks is that of which the head is enveloped by the front attacked." These axioms of the memoir form the basis, not only of the rules which follow them, but of the modern art of sieges.

His first opportunity of carrying out his principles in a form at all complete was at Maestricht in 1673. There, as Louis XIV. himself describes the siege in his memoirs, "We went towards the place as it were in order of battle, with grand parallel lines, wide and spacious; so that, by means of the steps in them, we could march upon the enemy with a broad front."\* The governor of Maestricht

said that "it had fallen to his lot to stand six considerable sieges, but that he had seen none like this; and that from the first day he had lost hope of being able to do anything, seeing how the guards of the trenches were supported, and that there was no means of making a sortie without being cut to pieces; that the man who directed the approaches must be the most skilful man in the world."\*

Vauban was assisted at Maestricht by an engineer named Paul, who had taken part in the long defence of Candia, which ended in 1668; and it has often been asserted that it was from the Turkish siege works before Candia that the parallels of Maestricht were borrowed. According to Pellisson, indeed, Vauban himself admitted this. Pellisson was a hanger-on of the court, and, while attending Louis XIV. in his campaigns, he kept a diary in the form of letters. He wrote, just after the siege, that the attack "has something of the air of those made by the Turks before Candia, and one can trace some sort of imitation of their method;" and four years afterwards, speaking of a conversation he had had with Vauban at Tournay, he says, "He owned to me that he had changed his mode of attacking since the siege of Maestricht, and in fact that he had copied the Turks and their works before Candia, with their numerous lines parallel to the place, which is what I had myself remarked some time ago."† But he adds that Vauban went on to say, that the change was due to the memoir on sieges which he had had to write for Louvois in 1669, for that by his reflections upon the subject then "he settled the method of attack which he now carries out."

It seems not improbable, therefore, that Pellisson, in his eagerness to get confirmation from Vauban of his own original surmise, may have somewhat overstated the case; and that the innumerable and unsystematic parallels of the Turks had little to do with the evolution of Vauban's method, though they may have helped to gain it acceptance by giving it something of a foreign flavor. Vauban makes no reference to them in his memoir, and his own personal experience seems to have been the basis of his reforms.

The idea of occasional parallels was, in fact, already afloat in France, although a master-hand was needed to develop its value. The plan of the siege of La Ca-

\* Allent, *Histoire du corps du génie*, p. 108.

\* Pellisson, *Lettres historiques*, i. 362.

† *Id.* iii. 370.



pelle (in 1637) shows "a grand place of arms parallel to the front of attack, embracing the two collateral half-fronts, its right resting on a redoubt, and with the batteries disposed upon it."\* D'Aurignac, in a work published in 1668,† gives a scheme of attack which he declares that he put in practice with much success when directing the attack on Bellegarde. Just beyond musket-range of the outworks of the place, there is a grand place of arms capable of containing two battalions and a squadron. From its extremities the approaches are made; and at every fifty yards of advance these are crossed by other places of arms, fifty yards long. As each successive place of arms is finished, half a battalion is to be moved up into it as a guard for the workmen. The guards, he says, should always be "kept in a body in the places of arms, and not broken up in the approaches, as it has been the custom to do," in which case they are sure to be routed by sorties. Lastly, at about twenty paces from the salient of the counterscarp of the ravelin, the approaches are once more connected by "trenches parallel to the place," the support of which will allow lodgments to be made simultaneously upon the counterscarp of the ravelin and the bastions on each side of it.

It seems plain, then, that the importance of presenting a broad front to check sorties was already beginning to be recognized by engineers. Vauban's merit lay not so much in the idea itself as in the boldness and judgment with which he applied it. He took care that the approaches should be so "escorted by places of arms" (to use his own expression) that attacks upon them could be quickly repulsed; and he gave these places of arms an extension which not only furthered their own function, but also gave opportunity for dispersing the batteries and converging their fire. At the same time he avoided any excessive frequency or slowness in the execution of them, which might have brought them into discredit; and he contrived to astonish every one by the rapidity of his advance.

At Maestricht, which was taken within a fortnight, Vauban made three parallels, having a length of from six to eight hundred yards each. In subsequent sieges there was, he says, little uniformity of practice as regards them, owing to the

want of definite rules; and they were sometimes badly placed. But whatever irregularities accident or special circumstances occasioned in the tracing out of his attacks, almost every siege furnished new illustrations of his principles, and especially of his leading principle—to rely on art and industry rather than on force. At Cambrai, in 1677, Louis XIV. insisted on assaulting a ravelin against his advice. "Sire," he said, "you will lose lives there that are worth more than the ravelin." The troops carried the work, but were driven out again with loss; and Vauban was then allowed to push on his approaches and take it in his own fashion, which he did with a loss of five men. "I will believe you another time," the king said; and he allowed Vauban to dissuade him from his angry purpose of refusing terms to the garrison.

Yet before this time, at Valenciennes, Vauban had shown that he could on occasion be bold beyond others. As the glacis was countermined, he proposed, contrary to his usual custom, to carry the covered way by assault; and he recommended that this assault, in which several thousand men would be engaged, should be delivered, not at night, as was customary, but in broad daylight, when the enemy would be less on the alert, and there would be less risk of confusion and misbehavior on the part of the troops. The most experienced generals, Schomberg, Luxembourg, and others, were against this proposal, but after much argument the king consented. The assault met with unhopd-for success, and not only the covered way but the place itself was gained, with a loss of less than fifty men. But this success did not tempt him to employ assaults where other means were open to him. At Luxembourg, in 1684, the covered way, provided with masonry keeps, threatened to prove more troublesome than usual. Instead of using force, he stopped the sap just out of range of hand-grenades, and built up parapets ten feet or more in height with successive tiers of gabions. From these *trench cavaliers*, here used for the first time, he was able to plunge into and enfilade the covered way, and to dislodge the enemy from the more advanced parts of it.

And as with the covered way, so with the breaches: he always preferred, if possible, to gain possession of them step by step. At the siege of Charleroi, in 1693, he was at first blamed for having chosen what seemed to be the strongest

\* Augoyat, *Aperçu sur les Ingénieurs*, i. 55.

† Livre de toutes sortes de fortifications.



side as the point of attack. But before long his choice was vindicated, the out-works were taken, the body of the place breached, and the troops became impatient for the assault. Yet though the murmurs of the camp at his over-caution were echoed back from the court, Vauban was obstinate. "Let us burn more powder, and shed less blood," he replied, and continued at work with his miners until the garrison, who had themselves mined the bastion in readiness for an assault, found further resistance hopeless, and surrendered.

In 1692, at the siege of Namur, Vauban found himself face to face with his rival Coehorn, who was defending a fortress of his own construction, but was obliged to surrender. Three years afterwards Coehorn himself directed the attacks, when William III. recovered the place. With a strong likeness in their general course, the two sieges presented some marked contrasts, very characteristic of the two engineers:—

Vauban, employing no more guns than were necessary, using all his influence to restrain the troops, not allowing them to advance except under cover, and bringing them in this way to the foot of each work, had made it his study and his pride to spare them; and had done this without slackening the siege: Coehorn, accumulating ordnance, sending the troops across the open to make assaults at a distance, and sacrificing everything to his eagerness to shorten the siege, and to scare and frighten the defenders, had economized neither money, nor men, nor in fact time. (Allent, *Histoire du corps du génie*, p. 317.)

The siege of the town and castle had occupied five weeks in 1692; it occupied two months in 1695. The loss of the besiegers, which was under three thousand in the former case, was nearly nine thousand in the latter. At the same time, allowance must be made for the fact, that in the second siege the place itself was stronger, and the garrison larger. When Vauban heard of the general assault in the second siege, in which the English grenadiers crossed nearly half a mile of open ground with drums beating and colors flying, on their way to the breach, he wrote: "I never saw anything like it, or even approaching it; for the magnitude of the blunder, I mean, not for the grandeur of the action, for I find that too senseless to admire it."

He had the same aversion to random violence in the artillery, as in the engineering, operations of a siege. Bombardments, which were much to the taste

of the harsh and impatient Louvois, met with uniform opposition from Vauban. "Never fire at the buildings of fortresses," is one of his maxims, "for that is to lose time and waste ammunition for things which contribute nothing to their surrender, and the repairs of which always cost you much after the place is taken." And elsewhere he says,\* "One should fire merely at the works and batteries of the fortress, and into the centres of the bastions and ravelins, where retrenchments may be made." Even for this use of shells he was not lavish of them, though he thought highly of their effect. In his estimate of ammunition for a siege the shells were only about one-fifth of the shot; and he speaks slightly of the small mortars for deluging the works with grenades, which had been introduced by Coehorn, and of which Coehorn employed no less than five hundred at the siege of Bonn. He protested against the waste of ammunition by opening fire at long ranges. In his early memoir of 1669 he said that the main gun-batteries should seldom be more than four hundred or less than three hundred yards from the counterscarp: "at this distance the shot has almost its full force, and if they were to be brought nearer, their construction would be too long delayed." But he had noticed, and he pointed out in this memoir, that

enfilading fire from a distance is more annoying than from close at hand, because the violence of the shots which come from a distance being abated and almost exhausted, the balls drop away from the straight line; whence it follows that the traverses one provides against them, however high, cannot prevent their plunging between them. When on the contrary the fire comes from close at hand, it is not very difficult to protect oneself from it, since the shortness of the range causes the ball to be impelled with such violence, that it deviates little or nothing from the direct line; whence it further follows that if it grazes the top of one traverse, it will be stopped by the mass of the next, without doing any damage between them.

These remarks had immediate reference to the approaches of the besieger, but they applied equally to the works of the besieged, and Vauban set himself to combine the advantages of short range and of highly curved fire by using reduced charges and giving increased elevation.

It was at Philipsburg, in 1688, that he made his first essay with ricochet batte-

\* *Traité de l'attaque*, pp. 263 and 122.

ries. Of one of these he told Louvois that it "dismounted six or seven guns, and caused one of the long sides of the hornwork and the whole of the face of one of the bastions opposite to the main attack to be so deserted that their fire quite ceased." A few weeks later he again wrote to Louvois, after the capture of Mannheim, that his ricochet battery there "had only fired one day and had dismounted four or five pieces of artillery, made the defenders abandon six or seven others, set fire to five or six shells, and to two casks of powder, which made the hats fly up in the air, took off the leg of a lieutenant-colonel, and persecuted I don't know how many people, whom it hunted out of nooks where nothing but the sky was to be seen." But it was at Ath, in 1697, that he gave his grand demonstration of the effect of this and of all his other improvements in the art of attack. Ath was a strong place, having been fortified by Vauban himself, but the defence was passive; and the siege works went on, we are told, "with so much method on our side, and with so little interruption on the side of the enemy, that it seemed rather the representation of a siege, than a siege itself."\* Vauban himself wrote, "I do not believe there was ever a regular siege, such as this, in which so excellent a place as that which we have just taken has been reduced so quickly and with so little loss." It occupied only fourteen days, and cost the besiegers only three hundred men, killed and wounded.

In the project for the attack it is laid down: "The first parallel will be called *contravallation*, for its action is the same as that sort of line, but in a manner more sure and more close. It receives all the guard of the trenches. The second parallel will be called *line of the batteries*, for it is on it that we place all the first batteries that are made to subdue the fire of the defence. It supports the saps and trenches. When made, it receives two-thirds of the guard of the trenches. The other third remains in the first, on the wings and in the middle." The first parallel was about a mile and a quarter in length and something under six hundred yards from the counterscarp. The second parallel was nearly as long, with its extremities resting upon the first parallel, but not more than three hundred yards, in the middle, from the salients of the ravelin and bastions attacked.

\* "Journal of the Siege of Ath," attached to "Goullon's Memoirs," and probably written by Vauban's nephew. (Translated by J. Heath. London, 1745.)

The batteries were placed in a manner quite different from all before them; for, taking in the whole front of the attack, they traversed and enfiladed with plunging fire the bastions, ravelins, and covered ways of the place, in such a manner that, after they were once well in play, the enemy could no longer stand to their defences; and they so effectually extinguished the fire of the place, that the besiegers could pass and repass between the camp and trenches without danger. It was not without difficulty that M. de Vauban prevailed on the officers of the train to lower the charges of their great guns, to batter *à ricochet* with small charges, the effects of which did not presently appear to them; but after a good deal of painstaking, they were at last reconciled to it. Bounce and clatter and readiness for action had hitherto made up the whole merit of the train at sieges; here the thing was altered, for never was known before so little noise made with so considerable a number of cannon as were fired at this siege. . . . We found after the place was taken that the greatest part of the wounded had their legs and arms carried away upon the rampart by the effects of these batteries, the balls giving the enemy incessant disquiet on all sides, following them even into their safe retreats, dismounting their guns by breaking the wheels and cheeks of the carriages. (Journal of the Siege.)

Although in these sieges ricochet fire proved very effective against guns, this was not in Vauban's eyes the work for which it was most appropriate. "So long as the object is to dismount the enemy's artillery, one may fire with full charges," he says; "but as soon as it is dismounted ricochet fire must be used." He explains that the work of the latter is to drive the enemy's troops from the faces or flanks which might oppose the besieger, to sweep the ditches and communications, to clear the covered way and splinter its palisades; and that it will do this work more certainly, more quickly, and with much less expenditure of powder, than any other kind of fire. It went, in fact, hand in hand with parallels to secure the besieger's workmen against sorties.

It is certain [he writes], that if one establishes places of arms, as proposed in these memoirs, and the troops are properly disposed in them, the enemy will not be able to make sorties without coming in collision with the whole guard of the trenches; and that, if on the other hand the ricochet batteries are well served, he cannot assemble troops in any part of the covered ways opposite to the attacks. Hence, few or no sorties. (Traité de l'attaque, p. 11.)

In 1703, when he was seventy years old, and had just returned from the last siege in which he was engaged, he wrote

the "*Traité de l'attaque des places*" which has been already referred to, not intending it for publication, but for the use of the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis XIV. "May it please you," he says, "to keep it for yourself, and to let no one else have it, lest copies should be taken of it, which, if they chanced to pass into our enemies' hands, would perhaps be welcomed more than they deserve." Nearly three years afterwards he supplemented it by a "*Traité de la défense des places*," written only a few months before his death. In these two works we have a digest of his vast experience; and his principles, disengaged from particular applications, are presented in their most mature form. The latter are summed up in thirty maxims, of which the general substance is as follows:—

To be well informed of the strength of the garrison; to be careful to attack upon the weakest side; not to open the trenches till everything is ready; to embrace the whole front of the works attacked; never to attack re-entering angles where the besieger may be enveloped, instead of enveloping; to employ the sap directly open trenchwork becomes dangerous, and "never to do uncovered and by force what can be done by industry, since industry is always sure, whereas force is apt sometimes to fail, and usually runs great risks;" not to push forward the trenches until those that are to support them are ready; to provide three grand lines, or places of arms, of due extent; always, if possible, to enfilade the works attacked or take them in reverse by ricochet fire, and gain possession of them by this means instead of by assaults in force; to avoid all precipitation, for that "does not hasten the taking of places but often retards it, and always renders the scene bloody;" not to waste ammunition in bombarding the town; to deviate from regularity in the attack no more than is strictly necessary, and never on the ground that the place is not strong; and to let the chief direction of all the operations, both artillery and engineer, be in one man's hands, under the authority of the general commanding.

Vauban's improvements in the mode of attacking fortresses were the most considerable and the most lasting of his services to the art of war, and he put a seal to them by writing his treatises. In fortress-building his labors were immense, and his work of the highest value, both on account of his skill in dealing with local conditions, and of the order and

economy which he introduced generally. But he did not leave his mark on the art of fortification in a corresponding degree, nor has he put on paper with the same completeness his ideas respecting it. "The art of fortifying," he said, "does not consist in rules and systems, but solely in good sense and experience;" and when he was urged to write something on the subject, he answered: "Would you have me teach that a curtain is between two bastions, that a bastion is composed of an angle and two faces, etc.? That is not my line."

But in submitting his project for Landau in 1687 he wrote, "I have taken the opportunity of this project to propose a system, which though it has some appearance of novelty is really only an improvement of the old." This was the tower-bastion system, which he afterwards employed in an improved form at Neuf-Brisach. It may be said to be a combination of the bastioned trace with the polygonal or caponier trace, which has since so largely superseded it; the latter being used for the body of the place, and the former furnishing an envelope by which the towers or caponiers are shielded. Vauban himself allowed that "it is quite new and has not yet reached all the perfection that is requisite;" but it would be generally admitted now that his successors would have done better to improve its details, than to turn their backs upon it altogether, and treat it as a whim of his old age. The French siege of Landau in 1703, and their defence of it in the following year, said much for the merit of the system. In the former, at the end of a month, the besiegers had established themselves on the detached bastions or counterguards, but Marshal Tallard thought it best to offer favorable terms to the garrison lest they should continue to hold out. In 1704 the French held out for seventy days, and similarly capitulated when the besiegers were in possession of the detached bastions.

But with Vauban fortifying meant something more than fortress-building. He may be said to have been the first engineer who considered fortresses collectively, as units in a general scheme of frontier defence. In 1678, after the peace of Nimeguen, he drew up a memoir on the defence of the north-east frontier, in which he recommended the construction of a few new places, in order to provide a double line of fortresses between the Meuse and the sea—a distance of one

hundred and twenty miles, with thirteen places in each line. In carrying out this scheme he took care to secure command of all the roads and watercourses perpendicular to the frontier; and behind his fortresses he carried roads and canals parallel to the frontier, serving as lines of communication for the defence, or of obstacle for the enemy.

He recommended that many of the old fortresses in the interior should be dismantled or demolished; but in a memoir, written probably in 1689, "on the importance of Paris to France and the means that should be taken to secure her," he strongly urged the fortification of the capital. He proposed, while restoring the old enceinte of the city, to construct a new enceinte about a mile or a mile and a half in front of it, occupying the heights of Belleville, Montmartre, etc., as was actually done a century and a half later; and since "a town of this size so fortified might become formidable even to its master," he further proposed to make citadels on the banks of the Seine.

Another favorite idea, on which he repeatedly insisted, and which has since received a great development, was to attach intrenched camps to fortresses, in order that the investment of the latter might be hindered and their defence prolonged. He made a camp of this kind at Dunkirk in 1693 for eleven thousand men, with a continuous line of field profile about five miles long. He proposed a similar camp for Namur in 1695, and again for Thionville in 1705. "I know," he wrote regarding the latter, "that this is not to the taste of the king or of his generals, who have given him an unfavorable impression of intrenched camps; but that is because they do not understand them." In order to enlighten them, he had asked a Flemish gentleman in 1693 to hunt up examples of the successful use of field fortification by the Hussites and Turks, and in the Thirty Years' War. "For although I know very well the value of intrenched camps," he says, "I stand in need of the authority of all the great men to recommend them to our foolish nation, which thinks that one ought always to fight just as one is, without any other concern than to hit hard." In 1705 he wrote part of a treatise on field fortification, in which he brought forward these instances; but it seems to have been coldly received, and was never finished.

If he had lost every other title to fame, the name of Vauban would still deserve

to be remembered as the inventor of the socket-bayonet. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the flint-lock fusil was gradually displacing the more cumbersome musket. In France, the war ministry opposed the change, and proposals for the improvement of the service weapon, which were twice made by Vauban himself, were not adopted. But the troops showed their own opinion unmistakably, and after the battle of Steinkirk (1692) the French musketeers and pikemen alike threw away their own arms to take instead the fusils of their beaten enemies. As the proportion of pikes to muskets became less and less, bayonets with wooden hafts to fit into the barrels were given to the musketeers, to enable them to defend themselves in hand-to-hand fighting; but these made the weapon useless for the time as a firearm. In 1687 Louvois wrote to Vauban:—

I have seen officers who have made the campaign in Hungary this year, and who have assured me that in the infantry of the Emperor there is not a single pike; that each battalion is of four or five hundred men, and the soldiers carry with them chevaux-de-frise, which they connect together and place along the front of the battalion when they are in presence of the enemy.

He asked Vauban to have some such chevaux-de-frise made, and to give him his opinion about them. A fortnight later he wrote again, and his letter indicates what Vauban's reply had been:—

The King will be glad that when you come here you should bring with you the soldier's equipment you speak of in your letter. But I beg you to explain to me how you contrive a bayonet at the end of a musket which does not prevent one from firing and loading, and what dimensions you propose to give to the said bayonet.

It was at Vauban's instance that at length, in 1703, Louis XIV. decided to abandon the pike altogether, and adopt the fusil and bayonet as the weapon for the whole of the infantry.

He drew up an admirable project for the reorganization of the artillery service, but it was not carried into effect till long after his death. With somewhat better success he urged the formation of standing companies of sappers and miners, to be permanently attached to the engineers. He was unsparing in his efforts to improve the position and to heighten the efficiency of the engineers themselves; and he personally examined young aspirants until he became a marshal. His untiring activity occupied itself with civil

hardly less than with military reforms; but to notice his various schemes for the benefit of his countrymen, or his services in connection with canals and harbors, would carry us too far. There are two of his efforts, however, which cannot be passed over: his protest against the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his project of the *dime royale*.

His constant journeys throughout the length and breadth of France enabled him to judge better than almost any one else of the disastrous effects of the pressure put upon the Huguenots; and, though a Roman Catholic himself, he could not refrain from making an appeal to the government. Besides the loss of about one hundred thousand persons of all classes, who had carried into foreign countries the arts and manufactures which had hitherto drawn money to France; besides the transfer to the enemy's forces of about twenty thousand excellent soldiers and sailors, and the heavy blow to French commerce; there remained behind a large body of disguised Huguenots, and of impoverished Catholics, "who say nothing, and who approve neither of forced conversions nor perhaps even of the present government, which inflicts so much suffering on them," who would constitute a grave danger in case of invasion.

It is no case for flattery [he says]; the interior of the kingdom is ruined, the whole country is suffering, and groaning; one has only to see and examine the heart of the provinces to find that it is even worse than I say. Instead of increasing the number of the faithful in the kingdom, compulsory conversions have produced only relapsed, impious, and sacrilegious persons, profaners of all we hold most sacred, and in fact a very poor edification to Catholics. Kings are, it is true, masters of the lives and property of their subjects, but never of their opinions, since the sentiments of the heart are beyond their power, and God alone can direct them as he pleases.

After pointing out the powerlessness of the country in its divided state to carry on war successfully against the coalition that threatened it, he concluded:—

On this account, looking to the importance of the matter, it appears that the King could not do better than to put aside all other considerations as frivolous and unimportant compared with this, and issue a declaration in whatever form may be best, in which His Majesty should state that, having seen with sorrow the ill-success of the conversions, and the obstinacy with which most of the newly converted cling to the so-called reformed religion, notwithstanding their abjuration of it and the hopes he had been led to entertain to the con-

trary, His Majesty, unwilling that any one should any longer be constrained in his religion, and desirous of providing, so far as rests with him, for the repose of his subjects, especially those of the so-called reformed religion, who for some time past have been obliged to profess themselves Catholics, after having committed the matter to God, to whom alone belongs the conversion of the heart, re-establishes the Edict of Nantes, purely and simply, on the same footing as it was before.

This memoir was written by Vauban in 1686, and he submitted it to Louvois and to Madame de Maintenon. But such advice was not likely to be well received at the court of Louis XIV. Louvois returned the memoir to Vauban, recommending him to destroy it, and added, "As I never knew you make such a blunder as you seem to have made in this memoir, I conclude that the air of Bazoches has clogged your wits, and that it would be a very good thing not to let you stay there much."

But his project of the royal tithe drew down on Vauban a heavier blow. It was in the two years of leisure which followed the peace of Ryswick (1697) that he brought this project into shape; but he had been gradually elaborating it for many years before. The extreme misery and destitution of the bulk of the population had pressed upon him in his constant journeys, as the extracts above given indicate; and at the same time he was struck by the comparatively scanty resources, both in men and money, which the State obtained at the price of all this suffering. The unequal incidence of the taxes, and the wasteful mode of collecting them, were the two main causes of this. The first he proposed to remedy by doing away with all class exemptions, and the second, by substituting uniform taxes on produce or on income for arbitrarily assessed taxes on land. The royal tithe (not necessarily a tenth, but a proportion varying with the requirements of the State) was to be levied alike upon all the yield of land, upon rents, wages, pensions, or professional incomes, including the revenues of the clergy. Instead of a salt-tax varying in different provinces, and involving monstrous abuses, all the salt mines were to be acquired by the crown and the salt sold at an uniform rate. Customs duties on imports, and taxes on luxuries, together with the rents from the crown lands, completed the scheme. Vauban did not content himself with throwing out crude suggestions; he laboriously gathered statistics, and



worked out calculations, to show the effect of the changes he proposed. The only objection, he concluded, to his system, would be in "the self-interest, timidity, ignorance, and idleness, of those who might be set to examine it."

But the adverse influences which he thus anticipated, and was at no pains to conciliate, were too powerful for him.

His book [says St. Simon] was full of information and figures, all arranged with the utmost clearness, simplicity, and exactitude. But it had a grand fault. It described a course which, if followed, would have ruined an army of financiers, of clerks, of functionaries of all kinds; it would have forced them to live at their own expense, instead of at the expense of the people; and it would have sapped the foundations of those immense fortunes that are seen to grow up in such a short time. This was enough to cause its failure.

In 1699 Vauban sent a manuscript copy of his project to the king, and another to the minister Chamillard. How it was received is unknown, but at all events it did not stand in the way of his becoming a marshal three years afterwards. Probably it was ignored, for in 1704 he presented a second copy to the king, of which also no notice seems to have been taken. At length, in 1706, Vauban, anxious to submit his ideas to a wider circle of readers, determined to print about three hundred copies for private circulation. The royal license for printing, which the law required, was in such a case certain to be refused. The copies were therefore printed secretly, and they were distributed by Vauban himself, who had just resigned the command of Dunkirk, and was living privately in Paris. But in a few weeks the work was brought before the Privy Council and condemned. All copies of it were ordered to be seized and put in the pillory; and booksellers keeping or selling any were to be fined. The condemnation was secretly managed, so as to allow Vauban no opportunity of appealing to the king; and it took him altogether by surprise. His health was already much shaken, and this blow was too much for him. Profoundly dejected, he fell into a fever, and within a week he died, on the 30th of March, 1707. "I have lost a man very devoted to my person and to the State," was the comment of the *Grand Monarque* on hearing of his death: beyond this he showed no concern. The body was buried privately at Bazoches. The heart, a century afterwards, was brought to Paris by order of

Napoleon, and deposited in the church of the Invalides.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE LADIES LINDORES.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

NEXT day the country-side far and near thought and talked of nothing but the fatal accident at Tinto, which was such a public event as moved everybody. There was no figure in the district more widely known than that of Pat Torrance on his black mare, a powerful horse and powerful man, looking as if they could defy every power of nature; and it thrilled every village far and near, every lone farm-stead and cluster of cottages for miles round, to be told that Black Jess and her master had both been ended by one false step, and that Pat Torrance, strong and rich and potent as he was, had died the death of a dog, unaided, unseen. The news ran from village to village like the fiery cross—everywhere expanding into new details and a deeper and deeper horror of description. First the bare fact, then all these additional circumstances, making it more and more visibly evident to every excited listener, filled the air. Each new passer-by was like a new edition of a newspaper, and had heard something more. How the two bodies had been found, horse and man; how Tinto had been warned over and over again of the danger of the Scaur, and would listen to no advice on the subject, but insisted on leaving it as it was, either for the sake of the view (though it was little he was heeding about views), or for the brag, which was more likely; and how he was got up with much trouble, and carried in dead to his own house, which he had left in all his pride an hour or two before. What ground for reflection upon the vicissitudes of life was here! There was not a group of two or three people anywhere but one at least would shake the head and lift up the voice of wisdom, bidding the others note how in the midst of life we were in death. And when this first horror was exhausted, there ensued the brief summing up of character and life, the rapid history in which our neighbors epitomize us as soon as we are ended. There were no illusions on the subject of wild Pat Torrance; but on the whole he fared well in the hands of the rude country-folk, whose taste was not fine enough to be offended by his roughness. In spite



of all his vices and extravagances, he had a certain good-fellowship with his inferiors in position, a rough familiarity of address which passed for kindness, and conciliated the common mind. On every side the wild incidents of his youth were recalled, not unkindly. "Eh, poor Tinto, poor fallow! I mind when he was a young lad" — the commentators began on every side. And the women concluded that perhaps if he had gotten a wife more like himself, things might have been different. The rural imagination accepted him as he was, with many a sage reflection, but little censure on the whole — winding up the story of his feats and frolics, his stormy, wild career, with a big rustic sigh for the ploughboy-gentleman, the rude laird who was so near to them. The tragedy was as complete and typical as the primitive historian could desire. And the man who would take no warning, but kept the dangerous spot unguarded that he might get his death on it, was as broad an example of human rashness and blindness as could have been selected. Wild Pat Torrance, poor fallow! It was just the end which everybody might have expected, it was allowed on all hands.

But presently there arose a chill whisper, like the first creeping upward of an east wind, bringing greyness and blight over earth and sky. Who can say how this atmospheric influence rises, which one moment is not, and the next has covered the country with an ungenial chill? It was the same with this moral cloud, which came, nobody knew from whence, nor how, rising in a moment. The origin of it could not be brought home to any individual, but there it was. After all, how could it be that Black Jess, used to every step of the way, went over the Scaur? In a moment the tide of popular comment changed, and those who had pointed out the awful justice of fate by which Pat Torrance had been made to bring about his own fate by his obstinacy, began to say that so bold a rider never could have lost his life on so well-known a road — without foul play. Accident! how could it be accident, without some human hand to help? It was not till the second morning that this development of the tragedy came; and it took the whole of that day to establish the connection — which flashed upon the general mind like lightning at last — between John Erskine's torn sleeve and dishevelled appearance and the fate of Torrance. John Tamson swore with angry oaths afterwards that it was not from him the tale came; but

others had seen young Dalrulzian, flushed and muddy, coming from the gate of Tinto on that eventful afternoon: and when the community began to think it over and compare notes, nothing could be more natural than the conclusion to which they came. If the original news had flown over the country like the war-signal of the old clans, this was like the spreading of a sheet of flame — it burst out at point after point after the merest touch of contact. Young Dalrulzian was little known. The country knew no stories of his youth to endear him. He had been brought up far away. He was an Englishman, almost an alien. And Tinto, it was well known, was rough of speech, and "couldna bide" the dainty and delicate. What if they met in the wood; what if there had been a struggle — if the weaker man who had no chance against the stronger had seized Black Jess by the bridle, and driven the high-spirited animal frantic? The groups who had been recalling all the old stories of Tinto, now changed like magic into little committees of accusation, with their heads close together, framing their indictment. The question was given against John Erskine all over the country before the ending of the second day.

There is no coroner's inquest in Scotland. When a death is attended by doubtful circumstances, the procedure is slower and more elaborate, and private individuals are reluctant to move in a matter so painful. But yet the atmosphere of suspicion and popular condemnation stole into Dalrulzian as it had crept over the whole country. It conveyed itself to the supposed criminal himself in a subtle sense of something wrong. He had not a notion what it was — neither did he know at first that it was he who was the object disapproved of; but it was impossible not to feel that something was wrong. The aspect of Rolls himself, conjoined with his extraordinary behavior on the night of Torrance's death, was remarkable enough to excite alarm. The old servant seemed to have grown ten years older in a single night. His face was furrowed with deep lines, his shoulders bowed, his step tottering. The pathos and earnestness of the looks which he bent upon his young master were indescribable. The air, half critical, half paternal, with which he had been wont to regard him, was gone. He no longer interfered in every arrangement with that sense of superior wisdom which had amused John from the moment of his arrival. All the humor of the situation was

over. Intense gravity, almost solemnity, was in the countenance of Rolls; he was constantly on the watch, as if he expected unwelcome visitors. Beaufort, who was not given to mirth, was roused out of his gravity by the melancholy aspect of Methusaleh, as he called him. "One would think your servants expected you to be carried off to prison for high treason," he said, laughing — for Rolls was not the only one in the house who regarded John with these alarmed and solemn eyes. Bauby, who on ordinary occasions had nothing but a broad smile and look of maternal admiration for her young master, was continually visible, gazing at him from unexpected corners with her apron at her eyes. When he asked her if she wanted anything with him, she would murmur, "Oh, Mr. John!" and cry. The other maids supporting her behind, fled from his presence. The gardener regarded him with a sort of stern inquiry, when he passed carrying his basket of vegetables to the house. John was disturbed, as a man of sympathetic nature cannot help being disturbed, by this curious atmosphere of discomfort. He could not tell what it was.

Beaufort was not an inspiring companion for a man thus perplexed and confounded. To find himself in the district where Carry lived, to be in her neighborhood, yet separated from her as by walls of iron, impressed his languid mind with a deeper shade of that sentimental consciousness which was habitual to him. Her name had not yet been mentioned between the friends; but Beaufort walked about the country roads in a constant state of expectation, feeling that every carriage he heard approaching might reveal to him the face which he longed yet feared to see. And for the first three or four days this was all the entertainment which John provided for his friend. He was full of embarrassment as to the situation altogether. Lady Lindores and Edith were, he had heard, at Tinto, where he could not disturb them; and he felt no inclination to make his appearance at Lindores in their absence. Torrance's death and Beaufort's presence seemed, indeed, to place impossible barriers between him and them. It would have been sufficiently uncomfortable, he had felt, to produce his friend there in the lifetime of Carry's husband; but to present him now, when so unexpectedly, so tragically, Carry was once more free, became an impossibility. In every way John felt himself paralyzed. The air affected him, he

could not tell how. He took his companion out walking all over the country, and drove him to long distances in his dog-cart, but introduced him to no one, nor ever went to any other house. And nobody called during this curious interval. The two men lived like hermits, and talked of their old comrades and associations, but never of the new. John even answered Beaufort's question about Tinto, which was one of the first points in the landscape which attracted his curiosity, without telling him of the tragedy which had happened there. "It belongs to the Torrances," he had said abruptly, and no more. It did not seem possible to tell Beaufort that her husband was dead. Troublesome as his coming was at any time, it seemed almost an immodest intrusion now; and John was disturbed and harassed by it. His mind was sufficiently troubled and uneasy on his own account; and this seemed like an odious repetition, intensification of his own circumstances. Two unfortunate lovers together, with the two ladies of their choice so separated from them, though so near; and now this utterly bewildering and distracting new element brought into the dilemma, throwing a wild and feverish gleam of impious possibility on what had been so impossible before. He could not speak of it: he could not breathe Edith's name or Carry's into the too sympathetic, anxious ear of his friend. He held him at arm's length, and talked of Dick and Tom and Harry, the comrades of the past, but never of what was so much more deeply interesting and important to both of them now.

"Look here, Erskine," said Beaufort: "I thought you were seeing a great deal of — your neighbors: and that Millefleurs would have come to me before now. I shall have to send him word I am here."

"To be sure. I had forgotten Millefleurs," said John. "You forget I only knew of your coming a few hours before you arrived."

"But I thought — people in the country see so much of each other generally."

"They have been — engaged — with family matters," said John.

"Do you mean to say it is all settled? — and that Millefleurs is to marry —"

"I know nothing about marrying," cried John harshly; and then, recollecting himself, he added, in a subdued tone, "There can be nothing of that sort going on at present. It is death, not marriage, that occupies them now."

Beaufort opened his languid eyes and looked with curiosity in his friend's face.

"Is it so? Yet Millefleurs stays on. That looks as if very intimate relations had been established, Erskine."

"Does it? I don't know what relations have been established," John said, with visible impatience. And he got up and went out of the room abruptly, breaking off all further discussion. Beaufort sent a note to his pupil that evening. It was the fourth or fifth day after his arrival. "I made sure I should have seen you, or I would have let you know my whereabouts sooner," he wrote. He was himself oppressed by the atmosphere round him, without knowing why. He had expected a genial Scotch house, full of company and life, with something of that exaggeration of fancy which had made Dalrulzian so wonderfully disappointing to John himself—a house where, amid the movement of lively society, his own embarrassing position would have been softened, and he might even have met his former love in the crowd without special notice or more pain than was inevitable. But he seemed to have dropped instead into a hermitage, almost into a tomb.

Millefleurs made his appearance next morning, very grave too, as everybody seemed in this serious country, and with none of his usual chattering confidence. "I never guessed you were here," he said; "everything of course, at Lindores, is wrapped in gloom."

"There has been a death!"—said Beaufort.

"A death!—yes. Has not Erskine told you? A tragedy: nothing so terrible has happened here for ages. You've heard, Erskine," he said, turning round suddenly upon John, who was in the background, "that there are suspicions of foul play."

John came forward into the light; there was embarrassment and annoyance in his face. "I have said nothing to Beaufort about it—he did not know the man—why should I? What did you say there were suspicions of?"

Millefleurs looked him full in the face, with a curious direct look, and answered with a certain sternness, oddly inappropriate to his cast of countenance, "Foul play."

John was startled. He looked up with a movement of surprise, then returned Millefleurs's gaze with a mingled expression of astonishment and displeasure. "Foul play!" he said; "impossible!"—then added, "Why do you look at me so?"

Millefleurs did not make any reply.

He turned to Beaufort, who stood by puzzled, looking on. "I ought not to stay," he said; "but Lord Lindores seems to wish it, and there are some things to be settled; and I am very much interested besides. There is no coroner in Scotland, I hear. How will the investigation be managed?" he said, turning to John again.

"Lord Millefleurs," said John, who was not unwilling, in his general sense of antagonism and annoyance, to pick a quarrel, "your look at me requires some explanation. What does it mean?"

There was a moment's silence, and they stood opposite to each other, little Millefleurs's plump person, with all its curves, drawn up into an attitude of dignity, his chubby countenance set, while John looked down upon him with an angry contempt, merging towards ridicule. The group was like that of an indignant master and schoolboy; but it was evident that the schoolboy meant defiance.

"It means—just such an interpretation as you choose to give it," said Millefleurs.

"For heaven's sake," said Beaufort, "no more of this! Millefleurs, are you out of your senses? Erskine, you must see this is folly. Don't make up a quarrel out of nothing."

John made a distinct effort to control himself. "To me it appears nothing," he said; "I cannot even guess at any meaning that may be in it; but Millefleurs means something, Beaufort, as you can very easily see." \*

At this moment Rolls put his head in at the door. "It's Sir James Montgomery come to see you. I have shown him into the drawing-room, for it's on business," the old man said. He was standing behind the door when John came out, and his master could not help remarking that he was trembling in every limb. "The Lord help us a'! you'll be cautious, sir," Rolls said.

John, in his perplexity and gathering wonder, seized him by the arm. "In God's name, Rolls, what do you mean?"

"Swear none, sir," said the old servant—"swear none; but oh, be cautious, for the love of God!"

John Erskine walked into the room in which Sir James awaited him, with a sense of wonder and dismay which almost reached the length of stupefaction. What did they all mean? He had not a clue, not the faintest thread of guidance. Nothing had in his own thoughts connected him even with the tragedy at Tinto. He

had been doubly touched and impressed by it in consequence of the fact that he had seen the unfortunate Torrance so short a time before; but that he could, by the wildest imagination, be associated with the circumstances of his death, did not occur to him for a moment. The idea did not penetrate his mind even now, but he felt that there was some shadow which he could not penetrate lying upon him. A blinding veil seemed thrown over his faculties. There was a meaning in it, but what the meaning was he could not tell. He went in to his new visitor with a confusion which he could not shake off, hoping perhaps, that some sort of enlightenment might be got through him. Sir James was standing against one of the windows, against the light with his hat in his hands. His whole attitude told of embarrassment and distress. He made no movement as if intending to sit down—did not step forward heartily, as his custom was, to enfold John's hand in his own with cheerful cordiality, but stood there against the light, smoothing his hat round and round in his hand. It petrified John to see his old friend so. He went up as usual with outstretched hand, but Sir James only touched the tip of his fingers with an embarrassed bow. Instead of his usual genial aspect, he half averted his face, and kept his eyes on his hat, even when he spoke.

"Mr. Erskine," he said, with hesitation, "I came to see you. I mean, I wanted to have some little conversation with you, if you have no objections—about—about this sad affair."

"What sad affair?" John was bewildered, but still more angry than bewildered. What was the meaning of it all? Was the entire world in a conspiracy against him?

"Sir," said the old general, giving him one look of reproof, "such events are not so common in our quiet country-side that there should be any doubt as to what I mean."

"Unless what you mean is to drive me distracted," cried John. "What is it? First Millefleurs, then you! In heaven's name, what do you mean? What have I done, that your aspect is changed—that you speak to me like a stranger, like a culprit, like— Speak out, by all means! What is this sad affair? In what way have I wronged any man? Why should my friends turn upon me, and call me sir, and Mr. Erskine? What have I done?"

"I wish to judge no man," said Sir James; "I wish to act in the spirit of charity. It was the opinion, not only of myself—for I have not that much confidence in my own judgment—but the opinion of two or three gentlemen, well-judging men, that if I were to make an appeal to you in the matter, to implore you in confidence—that is, if there is any explanation that can be given. We are all inclined to that view. I may seem harsh, because my heart is just sick to think of it; but we are all inclined to believe that an explanation would be possible. Of course, it is needless to say that if there is no explanation, neither the law permits, nor would we wish to lead, any one to criminate himself."

"Sir James," said John, "you have made me a strange speech. There is a great deal of offence in it; but I do not wish to notice the offence. Speak out! I know no dreadful event that has happened in the country but poor Torrance's death. Do you mean to tell me that you suspect *me* of having any hand in that?"

Sir James looked up at him from the hat which he was pressing unconsciously in his hands. His countenance was full of distress, every line moving, his eyes moist and agitated. "My poor lad!" he said, "God knows, we're all ready to make allowances for a moment's passion! A man that has been hurried by impulse into a sudden step—that has consequences he never dreamt of,—he will sometimes try to hide it, and make it look far worse—far worse! Openness is the only salvation in such a case. It was thought that you might confide in me, an old man that has ever been friendly to you. For God's sake, John Erskine, speak out!"

"What do you suppose I can have to say?" said John, impressed, in spite of himself and all his instinctive resistance, by the anxious countenance and pleading tones of the kind old man who had been charged with such an office. He was so much startled and awed by the apparent consent of so many to attribute something to him—something which he began dimly to divine without even guessing how far public opinion had gone—that the color went out of his cheeks, and his breath came quick with agitation. Such signs of excitement may be read in many different ways. To Sir James they looked like remorseful consciousness and alarm.

"We are all very willing to believe," he

said slowly, "that you took the beast by the bridle, perhaps in self-defence. He was an incarnate devil when he was roused — poor fellow! He would have ridden a man down in his temper. You did that, meaning nothing but to hold him off — and the brute reared. If you had raised an alarm then and there, and told the circumstances, little blame, if any, could have been laid on you. Silence was your worst plan — your worst plan! That's the reason why I have come to you. You took fright instead, and hurried away without a word, but not without tokens on you of your scuffle. If you would open your heart now, and disclose all the circumstances, it might not be too late."

John stood gazing speechless, receiving into his mind this extraordinary revelation with an almost stupefying sense of how far the imagination had gone. What was it his countrymen thought him guilty of? Was it murder — *murder*? The light seemed to fail from his eyes for a moment; his very heart grew sick. He had time to run through all the situation while the old man labored slowly through this speech, hesitating often, pausing for the most lenient words, anxiously endeavoring to work upon the feelings of the supposed culprit. With horror and a sudden panic, he perceived how all the circumstances fitted into this delusion, and that it was no mere piece of folly, but a supposition which might well seem justified. He remembered everything in the overpowering light thus poured upon the scene: his torn coat, his excitement — nay, more, the strong possibility that everything might have happened just as his neighbors had imagined it to have happened. And yet it had not been so; but how was he to prove his innocence? For a moment darkness seemed to close around him. Sir James's voice became confused with a ringing in his ears; his very senses seemed to grow confused, and failed him. He heard the gasp in his own throat to get breath when silence ensued — a silence which fell blank around him, and which he maintained unconsciously, with a blind stare at his accuser's most gentle, most pitying countenance. How like it was to the scare and terror of blood-guiltiness suddenly brought to discovery!

But gradually this sickness and blankness cleared off around him like a cloud, and he began to realize his position. "Sit down," he said hoarsely, "and I will tell you every particular I know."

From Longman's Magazine.

#### SOME POINTS IN AMERICAN SPEECH AND CUSTOMS.

##### II.

IN my former article I said something as to some points of difference between British and American usage in matter of language and in other matters closely connected with language. Now points of language almost imperceptibly glide into points of custom; and in points of custom, as well as in points of language, much that we are apt to look on as distinctively American is simply older English usage which we have dropped. In some cases, it is true, the dropping has been on the other side. We are struck in America with the constant absence of ceremony on public occasions where we should have looked for some measure of form and state. Closely as the forms and processes of American law conform to our own, we are amazed at seeing, everywhere, as far as I know, except in the Supreme Court of the United States, judges sitting, not only without wigs but without gowns. There seems indeed to be a general dislike to the wearing of any kind of official dress. In matters of this kind I fancy that a good deal has been consciously dropped out of a notion of "republican simplicity." This is a notion which I cannot enter into. Whatever honor a free commonwealth shows to its chosen magistrates is surely honor done to itself. If I were to speak of the magistrates of old Rome, with their lictors and their official ornaments, I might be told that Rome, if a commonwealth, was an aristocratic commonwealth. But there never was a purer democracy than that of Uri, and the Landammann of Uri keeps — at least he kept eighteen years back — no small measure of official state. And indeed, even in the United States themselves, some measure of official pomp cannot be got rid of on all occasions. I have seen the governor of Massachusetts enter his capital, undecorated certainly as far as his own person was concerned, but otherwise surrounded by a degree of pomp and circumstance which reminded me of the triumph of Marcus Furius Camillus. And in private life the American strikes me as, on the whole, more ceremonious than the Englishman on this side of the ocean. And in some cases certainly the difference is due to the fact that England has dropped ceremonial usages which have lived on in America. Take the commonest forms of address. The British



visitor in America is a little surprised at being called "Sir" in private life, at all events at being called so a great deal oftener than he ever is in his own island. The word perhaps grates a little on his ears. But he has only to turn to his Boswell to see that America has in this small matter simply kept on an usage which England has dropped. And this is a matter in which England stands almost alone in the world. The Frenchman, at all events, has his "Monsieur," "Madame," and "Mademoiselle," ever on his lips, in a way which the Englishman finds it a little hard to follow. In England we seem to have a growing tendency to get rid of the vocative case altogether. And in the many cases when a man is not quite sure what is the right formula to use, when, for instance, he is inclined to familiarity but is not quite sure whether familiarity will be welcome, it is wonderful how long he may go on without ever using the vocative. And without going to this extreme, it is certainly not thought elegant in England to indulge very greatly in its use. No one wishes his name or title to be brought in with every breath. But in America, besides the use of "Sir" in a way which has died out in England, no one can fail to remark the supposed necessity of giving everybody some kind of title. Now it must always be remembered that the strongest sign of the inherent love of titles is to be found, not in the use of titles like Duke, Bishop, General, but in the use of plain "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss." The higher titles are not mere titles; they state a fact about the man to whom they are applied; they tell you that he is a bishop, a duke, or a general. But "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" tell you nothing; they are mere means to avoid the supposed impropriety of calling people, as of old at Athens and now in Iceland, simply by their names. In America it is distinctly harder than it is in England to get people with whom you are really intimate to drop the "Mr.," and use simply the surname. And I noticed that men who were thoroughly intimate with one another, men who were old friends and colleagues, spoke of and to one another with handles to their name, in a way in which men in the same case would not do here. On the other hand, in the newspapers men are constantly spoken of by their mere Christian and surnames in a way to which we are not used in print. But in my own experience it was a relief when I escaped with simple "Mr." I generally had to writhe under the horrible

titles of "Professor" or "Doctor." Why anybody should mistake me for a professor, or why anybody should thrust the title of "Doctor" on the bearer of a purely unprofessional and honorary degree, was beyond my understanding. I asked not uncommonly whether they talked of "Dr. Gladstone." I could not find that anybody did, nor did I find that other English bearers of honorary degrees were so spoken of; the name seemed somehow to be thrust on me in a special way. In one famous university town I was able to turn the tables on my friends, and to ask them why they should either call me "Professor" or wish to be called "Professor" themselves, when there was in their own city a "Professor Parker," showing off dancing dogs. In some parts a stranger is commonly addressed as "Colonel" or "Judge." I was never addressed as "Colonel," save once at Baltimore, and that in the dark; so it was hardly because of any specially military air about me. "Judge" I never was called; though, as I happen to have something to do with judging, while I have nothing to do with teaching, it would have been one degree less out of place than "Professor." But, though these strange titles are a little trying to a stranger, the application of them is thoroughly well meant, according to the custom of the country. It seems as if no one in America could do without some kind of handle. We are used to "Governor A.;" but "Mayor B." sounds to us odd. But more than once, when I had been introduced to "Governor A." and had put myself into a proper mood of respect towards the chief magistrate of the State, I found that all that was meant was that the gentleman to whom I was speaking had been governor in times past. In language that is at all precise it is counted more correct to say in such cases "Ex-Governor" — as if one should say "Ex-High-Sheriff B." — but the "Ex-" is certainly often dropped. And the title given to the husband often extends to the wife. I have seen "Mrs. Professor" on a lady's card, and the newspapers sometimes tell one how "Mrs. Ex-Senator A." went somewhere with her daughter "Mrs. Senator B." Again it is not always easy to remember all among the large class of people who are called "Honorable;" and I found that "Esquire" as an address was chiefly applied to lawyers. Among these, by the way, the formula "Attorney and Counsellor at law," preserving two names which in England have perished, is quite the right thing. I was a little sur-



prised at the vanishing of "Esquire." "George Washington, of Mount Vernon, Esq." was a description with which I was quite familiar, and I had often seen the title "Esquire" in American books and stories. But there is a trace of its earlier use in the phrase commonly used in some States of "being brought before the squire," meaning before a magistrate of any kind.

Now this lavish use of titles is universal; so it is to be supposed that people like it. Yet in one most distinguished university I was told by more than one professor that he liked better to be addressed simply as a gentleman, or better still as a man, without any official title. But the really important point is that, in this matter also, American usage is older than English usage, and is certainly more consistent. We have the practice of other European nations against us. Thick on the ground as handles are in America, they are still thicker in Germany, and they are much more freely extended to men's wives. Then in America and in Germany the thing is thoroughly carried out; in England it is hard to find out the principle on which the handle is sometimes used and sometimes not. As to the wives, our rule seems to be that, while any kind of rank which is strictly personal, whether hereditary or not, any rank from duke to knight or even esquire, is shared by the wife, strictly official rank is not. The dignity of the bishop, the judge, the sheriff, is not shared by his wife. Yet there is one notable exception. The mayoress, in London and York the lady mayoress, has her undoubted place, and in London at least the dignity is transferable; the lady mayoress may chance to be, not the wife, but the daughter or sister of the lord mayor. Now, "Mrs. Professor" sounds very ugly to us; but in Germany "Frau Professorin" is universal, and it is hard to see how she differs in principle from the lady mayoress. Then again it sounds odd to British ears to hear a young lady spoken to or of by any one above the rank of a servant or other inferior, as "Miss Mary." But this again was once universal, if not with the modern "Miss," yet certainly with the older "Mistress." The last form at least is graceful, and so it sounds in some other tongues, in Greek above all.

If there is any rule of precedence in private American society, I was not able to catch it. But I was once a little amazed at the question of a most cultivated American lady, one who knows

England well, whether in England any one who might be supposed to be at all personally known did not feel annoyed at being placed after a man of higher rank who had no claim to distinction beyond that of being of higher rank. In England, where the virtual ruler of the country holds a formal position far below many whose higher position is his own gift, the thought probably never enters into any man's head. I could only tell my questioner that I could not answer for others, but that such a thought had certainly never come into my own head. I said that I no more thought of repining because A. or B. was of higher rank than myself than I thought of repining if he were younger or taller or handsomer than I was. In either case facts are facts, and the facts are no fault either of his or of mine. I told her that in such a case no kind of wrong was done, no affront was meant or thought of on either side, that the whole thing was a matter of course, like an order of nature, of which nobody thought at all. But I found that the American lady did not in the least enter into my feelings.

The rare use of the word "esquire" may have something to do with the total, or nearly total, disappearance of the thing. There certainly once were country-gentlemen in the North as well as in the South. And, from a hill in New England which commanded a wide view, a local friend pointed out two houses the owners of which he said still kept up something of the position of English squires, and were popularly called by that title. But such cases must certainly be exceptional. American life, as a rule, centres in the towns; indeed many Americans seem unable to understand any life which does not centre in a town. In my own case most people seemed to assume that I must live in London or in Oxford, or, as some, I know not wherefore, suggested, in Manchester. The idea that a man, at all events that a man who wrote books, could live in his own house among his own fields seemed altogether strange to them. It is not that there are no country-houses in America; very far from it; he who can afford it has both his country-house and his town-house. But he who cannot afford both has his town-house only, and with him who has both the country-house is quite subordinate to the town-house. The town-house is the real home; the country-house is merely the place for an occasional sojourn. A rich man, say at New York, who could afford

to make, if he could not find ready made, the stateliest of parks and country-houses, prefers to build a grand house in a New York street, while his country-house is an altogether secondary matter. One need not stop to point out how different this is from the feelings of most men in England, whether of inherited or of acquired wealth. The one has already, the other buys or builds, his house in the country. He doubtless has his town-house too; but it is his country-house which comes first and is really his home. The English gentleman is Mr. A. of such a place in the country, who most likely has his house in London also. The American gentleman is Mr. B. of such a city, who most likely has his house in the country also.

In this matter of town and country, the vast extent of the United States combines with their political constitution to cause another difference between England and America. In England we have only one centre, that wonderful something — for a city we cannot call it in its aggregate — which is at once a political, a social, and a literary centre. London has lately been taught that, in a political sense, it is not England; but it none the less is, and it more and more thoroughly becomes, the one centre of England. Neither the universities nor the great commercial cities — and there is now happily one English city which may claim both names — are centres in the same sense. Purely local centres, neither academical nor commercial, some of which still held their place a hundred years back, have, in that character, simply vanished. London keeps its old place, and it has taken the place of the local centres as well. But no one American city can, as things now stand, take the place which London holds in England. For no American city is at once the greatest city in the land and at the same time the seat of the national government. To make an American London, New York and Washington must be rolled into one. But New York and Washington rolled into one would not really make an American London. The size of the country, its federal constitution, would, either of them alone, be enough to hinder any one city from becoming the one real national centre, like a great European capital. No city can be a real national centre to people who live three thousand miles off. Even if it could be so for political purposes, it could not be so for social purposes. And under a federal system, where each State does

for itself so large a part of what we should call national business, the central attraction is necessarily divided. If no place within the State can be all that a national capital is in an ordinary kingdom or commonwealth, so neither can any place out of the State. And when, as in many States, old and new, the State capital is not fixed in the greatest city of the State, the attraction is divided again. Philadelphia certainly remains the head of Pennsylvania in a sense in which Harrisburg is not. It remains the head of Pennsylvania in a sense in which we can hardly believe that even York and Exeter ever were the centres of their several counties, in a sense in which they certainly have long ceased to be so. In England therefore there is but one centre; in America there are many. In England we may say that, setting aside London and a few towns of special character like Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, no one lives in a town unless he has some business, official or professional, which makes him live there. In America, on the one hand, men live in towns who have no official or professional necessity to live in them, and on the other hand the professional and mercantile classes necessarily hold a higher comparative position in America than they do here. Every large town therefore becomes a social centre in a way in which it cannot be in England. New York has one kind of attraction, Washington has another; but people do not press to either in the way in which in England they press to London, and to London only. London is something different in kind from any other English town; New York is simply another American town on a greater scale. Washington again is something different in kind from any other American town; but then it has not enough of size or importance in other ways to make it a general centre. One sees this in the newspaper press. Owing to the multiplicity of centres, no American papers can hold exactly the same position as the great London papers. But it is clearly the New York papers which come nearest to it; the Washington papers one looks on as simply local, more local a good deal than those at Chicago.

Now it strikes me that, if the dominant life of a country is to be its town life, it is a great gain that there should be many centres of such life, and not one only. And in America there is no danger of its being otherwise. New York certainly takes a great deal upon itself; but the

other great cities are quite able to hold their own against it. And we must also remember that, from one point of view, town life is, after all, not dominant in the United States. It is dominant in the point of view which chiefly strikes such a traveller as myself. He misses the country-houses, the manor-houses and parsonages, of his own land; his friends, old or new-made, are sure to be mainly in the cities. But he must not forget that, in American political life, the cities are by no means exclusively dominant. If America has few squires, she has plenty of yeomen, and those on a magnificent scale. If in one way the American cities count for far more than the English cities, if from one point of view America seems to be all town and no country, from another point of view, the country counts for far more than it does in England. At any rate the real voice of its inhabitants counts for far more.

Now this predominance of town over country, so far as it exists, is one of the points in which America does not, as in so many others, cleave to an earlier form of English life. There undoubtedly was a time when the old towns of England — as distinguished from the great commercial centres, new or of new growth — counted socially for more than they do now. And yet, when this was so, London itself, from some points of view, also counted for more than it does now. But there never was, or well could be, a time when social and intellectual life in England had so many centres as it now has in America. Still, if America in this respect does not reproduce an older England, it has some likeness to the continent of Europe as distinguished from England. Even in France, and of course far more in Italy, the old local capitals still hold a place which we may safely say that no town in England but London ever held since there was any united England at all. We must remember that, if Paris is, in many points, in all the most obvious points, far more thoroughly the centre of France than London is the centre of England, there are other points, less obvious but not without importance, in which it is less so. For instance, we might almost say that no book is published out of London. Books are still published in the universities, in the Irish and Scottish capitals; but those who publish them find it needful at least to have London agencies. Now France is not quite like Germany in this matter; still good books are published in other French cities besides

Paris. So again I have known foreigners show a little amazement at hearing that it was now an unheard-of thing for an English nobleman or country gentleman to have his town-house in any town except London. I need not say what the use of Italy is in this matter; even in France, wherever any *noblesse* is left, the town-house in the old capital of the province is still not uncommon. And I have myself found German scholars, not less than American scholars, puzzled at my not living in a town; they seemed unable to conceive any one living in the country in any position between the *Junker* and the *Bauer*. In all this, if America has departed from the model of England, she has conformed much more to the model of the rest of the world. It is the insular branch of the English folk which is in this matter the peculiar people.

The great American cities, those which have taken the position of which I have just been speaking as centres of life for large parts of the country, contrast remarkably with the smaller towns and villages. In this matter, as in so many others, whatever in America is not palpably new, is pretty sure to be genuinely old. A small American town or village — in some States the name "village" is the legal description of what we should call a market-town — one that has not grown with the same speed as its greater neighbors, is apt to have a very old-world air indeed about it. I am not speaking of new and unfinished places in the more lately settled States, some of which have a very desolate look. I mean towns dating from the earlier days of settlement, but which have failed to advance with their neighbors, which in some cases have positively gone back. I remember very well the general effect of Bristol in Pennsylvania. If the younger Boston and the younger York have greatly outstripped their older namesakes, the younger Bristol has as distinctly lagged behind the old. It had once, I believe, a considerable trade, which is now swallowed up by Philadelphia. It stands on a good site above the Delaware, and it has altogether, as these older towns commonly have, a respectable, comfortable, and thoroughly old-world look. Places of this kind have somewhat the same air as those open towns or large villages which lie on what, in the days of coaches, was the main road between London and Oxford. I am not sure that the general impression of belonging to a past state of things is not stronger in the

American than in the English examples. This feeling is perhaps strengthened by the contrast between these old towns and the extremely modern air of the great cities. And the constant use of wood in building houses, a use almost equally common in some parts of England, always gives an air of age. Let me speak of another place smaller than Bristol, one indeed which we should not call a town at all, but a large village of detached houses. This is Farmington in Connecticut. Here was a truly old-world place, and I was taken to see the oldest house in it. And it was a house which we should call old even in England, a respectable wooden house of the seventeenth century. It was just what a New England house should be, except that its grand old open fireplace was blocked up by some modern device or other. But, if the house was thus satisfactory, a turn of disappointment was caused by the discovery of the inhabitants. Not that I have anything to say against them; I doubt not that they are respectable and excellent people in their own way. Only their way was not the way that I came to look for. I came to see New England Puritans, and I found Old Ireland Papishes. And unluckily the fate of this house is a typical one. It is a grievous truth that not a few New England houses are left altogether empty, while not a few others are occupied by Celtic strangers. The only comfort is that New England has gone westward. Those whom we ought to find in the old homes have gone, like their forefathers, to win new conquests for that strong English folk which called into being on their new soil institutions older than those of the England which they left behind them. But the immediate feeling at the change which has come over New England is a grievous one. I had to seek my comfort in a lower range of the animal world. It was cheering to fall in with something of so old-world an air as a yoke of oxen, and oxen too that seemed to have something of a Pilgrim-Fatherly cut about them. Indeed at such a moment, there was a measure of relief even in a most primitive kind of coach which took us back to the railroad. But, putting aside the intruders, both Farmington and Bristol are thoroughly old-world places. It is only by negative signs that the really modern date of an American town of this class gradually comes out. The general feeling of such a place is certainly older than that of an ordinary English market-town. But then the Amer-

ican place, though everything about it looks in a manner *old*, contains nothing that can be called *ancient*. The English town or village, on the other hand, will commonly contain objects which are ancient, and not simply old. It will commonly have a church, it is not unlikely to have one or more houses, which carry us back to days far older than the Pilgrim Fathers. That is of course supposing that the church has not been restored, or that it has been restored with some degree of mercy. I have seen old-fashioned wooden churches in America, for whose details of course there was nothing to say, but whose general effect was a good deal more venerable than that of an ancient English church on which a modern architect has been let loose to play his tricks.

Of the newer parts of the country I saw but little, and of the rural parts of the older States not much beyond what I saw in a visit to a very retired part of Virginia. Here at least we were "remote from cities," more remote certainly than in any part of England that I am used to. But the state of things there is, I fancy, very different from the newly occupied settlements. Much as the land has suffered from the civil war, a civilization of two hundred and fifty years' standing is not altogether wiped out. A Virginian farmhouse differs a good deal either from an English country-house or from a house in New York; but it is possible to live quite comfortably in it. The presence of an inferior race hinders much of the difficulty and discomfort which is found in the younger parts of the States. I heard of an English lady in Iowa who had to scrub her own floors; there is no such hard necessity in Virginia. Life, to the visitor at least, is not exciting; there seems to be little society, and a certain difficulty, which I never found in any other part of the world, of knowing what to do with one's time. It is a simple and uneventful way of living; but the main essentials of civilization are not lacking. I had there some opportunities of seeing the negroes in a state more nearly approaching to that in which they were in past times than can be seen in the Northern cities. It struck me — but this is a kind of point on which every man does well to distrust his own necessarily partial observation — that the feelings of the two parts of the country towards the negro had in some sort changed places. Before the war, one always understood that the Northern people, while professing zeal for the freedom

of the negroes, shrank from them personally, but that the Southern people, while anxious to keep them in bondage, felt no such personal shrinking. The feeling both ways was perfectly natural. To me at least the negro is repulsive; but I can understand that he may be otherwise to those who have been used to him from their childhood. On the other hand, I can understand that, now that the negroes have been set free by the agency of the North against the will of the South, the one side may think it their duty to make the best that they can of their own work, while the other side may feel a very natural bitterness towards those whose freedom is a constant memorial of their defeat. I certainly heard people speak of the negro in a different tone in the two sections in the country. But, though one has heard of negro senators and representatives, the negro seems no nearer to social equality in New England than he is in Virginia or Missouri. In New England he is certainly more human; he may perhaps be accepted as a man, but he is hardly a brother. I need hardly say that I never met a negro at any American gentleman's table, nor did I hear of any American gentleman who, in the phrase of the old scoffing question, "liked his daughter to marry a nigger." I did hear of one gentleman—I think at Washington—who had a single white man in his service, the others being negroes. But the white man, if he waited on his master, was waited on by his fellow-servants; he dined at a table by himself while the inferior race served him. In the North the servants are largely Irish or other strangers; in the Virginian farmhouse of which I am thinking, all, in-doors and out, were black; what seemed strange to English notions, none of them slept in the house. And the broad distinction between the two races, as tending to wipe out distinctions between members of the same race, sometimes leads to odd consequences. If a white workman, for instance, has to be employed for the whole day, he must dine at the master's table; he will not eat and drink with colored people. In religion again I marked a broad distinction in my Virginian sojourn. There was an Episcopal and a Presbyterian Church, neither of them any great work of architecture, but respectable buildings according to rural American notions. Between these more sober places of worship the white population was divided; and there was a pleasing simplicity in the sight of carriages and

horses left freely standing about while their owners attended the service. But the negroes had places of worship of their own, Methodist and Baptist, not "steeple-houses" like those of their white neighbors, but huts hardly to be distinguished from their own cabins. At Baltimore I attended two negro churches of quite opposite persuasions. One was Methodist, a building of some size, closely packed with a zealous congregation. I could have wished that the congregation had been less zealous or less closely packed; for I should have greatly liked to stay to the end, which I found utterly impossible on purely physical grounds. The praying, singing, preaching, was all of a kind which sounded very strange to me; but at least nothing could be more hearty. From this scene I turned to another, which I understood better, a negro Episcopal Church, with tendencies to what is called an "advanced ritual." It was but a little flock that was gathered together; but the few that there were seemed just as zealous as their Methodist neighbors. And I thought I could understand that these two seemingly opposite kinds of worship might easily commend themselves to the same class of minds. In both there is a greater opportunity of joining "lustily and with a good courage" than there is in some intermediate kinds of devotion.

Two things I failed to see which I had hoped to come across, if nowhere else, yet at least in Virginia and Missouri. I saw none of the beautiful quadrooms that I had read of in books. At every stage I was told that I should see them further south; but I suppose that I never got far enough south for the purpose. Still I do not understand why they should not grow at Baltimore or St. Louis, just as much as at New Orleans. I was disappointed too in seeing next to nothing of the *fauna* of the country. The 'coons and the 'possums I was told I should see, like the beautiful quadrooms, further south; but I never got far enough south to see them either. In Virginia I had good opportunities of studying the manners and customs of the turkey buzzard, and that was about all. The turkey buzzard, it should be remembered, has nothing to do with a buzzard, and still less with a turkey; it is really a small species of vulture. Its power of sight must be wonderful. It is strange indeed to see the birds flocking together from all quarters to any spot where the carcase is. There they crowd together and enjoy their feast till they are



disturbed — for they are easily frightened, and fly off at the approach of a man — or till they are so thoroughly gorged that they cannot fly off. They are so useful as scavengers that the law of the State commonly protects them. I do not know however whether the turkey buzzards have anywhere attained to the same rights as the fish-hawks in New Jersey, who seem to form a privileged order among all other animated creatures. There, if I have not been misled, the very tree on which a fish-hawk has once made its nest is sacred.

In this quiet Virginian life I said that the main elements of civilization were not lacking. But I must make one important exception. It is however an exception which has to be made in the case of more thickly inhabited parts of America, and even, in some sort, in the case of some of the greatest cities. I mean the utter absence of decent roads. In the part of Virginia in which I stayed, you literally see the roads, in the words of the famous rime, "before they were made." Neither Lee nor Grant seems to have thought it needful to follow the praiseworthy example of Marshal Wade. Walking, riding, driving, are all done under difficulties, over roads which have never been brought under the dominion of the art of Appius and MacAdam. The lack of good roads is a general feature wherever I have been. I do not say that I saw no good roads in America; but they are certainly exceptional. In many parts, as I before remarked, the railroad has come before the road. Even in the immediate neighborhood of large towns, sometimes even in the streets of large towns themselves, the road is often simply a mass of mud. I do not mean merely such mud as in many parts of England we are used to after rain; I mean thick, abiding mire, abiding at least for several months together. In newly settled places the street often consists of a miry way in the middle, and a path of planks on each side. And the path of planks is often seen, even where things are in much better order than this. The great cities vary greatly in this matter, and New York is certainly not the best. The very first thing that struck me on the day after landing was the neglected and dirty state of many of the New York streets, a state of which an English market-town would certainly be ashamed. I ask why so great a city is not better looked after in so important a matter, and I am told that it is owing to the corrupt administration of the Irish.

This may or may not be so; if it be so, it is surely another argument against Irish ascendancy. I was told also that the Americans are a long-suffering people, and I partly believe it. The tendency to stand still sometimes strangely contrasts with the tendency to go ahead. Take for instance the post-office. Nowhere is it so easy to post a letter as in an American town; there are street boxes at almost every step. But to register a letter or to go through any of the other branches of postal business often calls for a long journey. I could not find out that there was more than one place in Philadelphia where a letter could be registered. If there is more than one — in a city greater than any English city except London — there certainly are wonderfully few.

Another strange lack in some of the greatest American cities is the want of any good system of hackney carriages at moderate fares. In this matter it is perfectly true that a dollar in America goes no further than a franc in Europe. It would certainly cost several dollars to go as far in New York as you can go in Rome for a single *lira*. Here at least England is not singular; it is a general question between the old world and the new. Simply to get from one part of an American city to another is an object for which every provision is made, and often made in a way which is a triumph of enterprise and ingenuity. The cars climbing the inclined plane at Cincinnati are truly amazing, and in the descent at evening the view of the city is striking in no slight degree. The up-stairs railway at New York is far more pleasant to the stranger than the underground railway in London; and I was told that those through whose streets it goes, who might have been expected to dislike it, are reconciled to it by its bringing them more custom. But neither the tram-car nor the up-stairs railway serves the exact purpose of taking you to a particular house, say, in the case which American hospitality makes a very common one, that of being asked out to dinner. Then you must either walk all the way or part of the way, often at the risk of some mud, or else you must take a hired carriage at what to an European seems an unreasonable cost. At New York I was told that the Irish were at the bottom of this also, as of most other things which either natives or strangers complain of. But why should transplanted Englishmen, or transplanted Dutchmen either, bow down their necks to this Irish bondage?



The position and look of some of the American cities is very striking and stately. Cleveland by its lake, Cincinnati with the hills above its great river, St. Louis rising above its yet greater river, would hold no small place among the cities of the elder world. So would the federal capital as seen from the Potomac, if only the hideous unfinished monument could be got rid of. And it fills one with simple amazement to see the way in which a vast and stately city like Chicago has risen from its ashes. In that great city I could see or hear of nothing older than the fire, save a church tower which showed the marks of fire at its angles, and a single detached wooden house of an antiquated type. This last suggested that Chicago before the fire was something widely different from Chicago after it. But on the whole the American city which struck me most was Albany. Rising grandly as it does on both sides of the noble Hudson, it suggested to me some of the ancient cities by the Loire. It has the advantage, rather rare in American cities but shared with Albany by the federal capital, of having one dominant building. The general look of the city carried me so completely into another part of the world that, if any one had come up and told me in French, old or new, that the new Capitol was "le château de Monseigneur le duc d'Albanie," I could almost have believed him. This State Capitol at Albany — why cannot it have a more rational name, like the State-house at Boston? — finally settled, for me at least, a question which I had been turning over in my mind ever since I landed in America. This was, What ought to be the architecture of the United States? That is to say, What should be the architecture of an English people settled in a country in the latitude, though not always in the climate, of Italy? Should it be the Gothic of England or the Romanesque of Italy? There seemed much to be said on either side; my own mind was finally fixed by the teaching of experience, by seeing which style really flourished best on American soil. I found the modern churches, of various denominations, certainly better than I had expected. They may quite stand beside the average of modern churches in England, setting aside a few of the very best. All persuasions have a great love of spires, and, if the details are not always what one could wish, the general effect of the spires is often very stately, and they help largely towards the general appearance of the cities in a dis-

tant view. But I thought the churches, whose style is most commonly Gothic of one kind or another, decidedly less successful than some of the civil buildings. In some of these, I hardly know how far by choice, how far by happy accident, a style has been hit upon which seemed to me far more at home than any of the reproductions of Gothic. Much of the street architecture of several cities has very successfully caught the leading idea of the true Italian style, the style of Pisa and Lucca, the style of the simple round arch and column, uncorrupted by the vagaries either of the Italian sham Gothic or of the so-called *Renaissance*. In a large part of the Broadway of New York the main lines of the style — I speak only of the main lines, without committing myself either to details or to material — seemed to be very happily reproduced. The general effect of many parts of that long street struck me as just what the main street of a great commercial city ought to be. And there are some buildings of the same kind in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, though there they alternate with other buildings of a very strange kind, whose odd fancies make us turn back to look with real satisfaction on the honest brick of Independence Hall. Some of the banks especially seem to have thought that the stumpier they made their columns the safer would be their deposits. But it was the Capitol at Albany which fully convinced me that the true style for America was the style of Pisa and Lucca. The building has a most successful outline; in its details it is a strange mixture of styles, not so much confounded together as used side by side. There are parts which I cannot at all admire; but there are other parts, those in which the column and round arch are employed, which certainly pleased me as much as any modern building that I have seen for a long time. When I say that the arches of the Senate-chamber seemed to me, as far as their general conception goes, worthy to stand at Ragusa, some will understand that I can say no more.

I am almost afraid to add that I thought that some parts of the inside of the City Hall at New York were entitled to some measure of the same praise. For I found it hardly safe to speak of that building. Its name at once drew forth bursts of indignation at the millions of dollars which certain persons had contrived to gain for themselves out of its making. Politically I felt abashed, as if I had somehow become a champion of corruption. Still I

could not help thinking that the columns and arches, of which alone I was speaking, were as guiltless of any offence as Sir Thomas More's beard. So to come back to the capitol at Albany, I ventured to make the very smallest kind of artistic criticism on some chandeliers in the corridors which seemed to me too big, as hiding some of the architectural features. My remark did not call forth any artistic defence of the chandeliers; but I was much struck at the remark which it did call forth. Some one or other, I was answered, must have had some corrupt object in making them too big. It is certainly odd that one cannot make the most purely artistic criticism, either for or against anything, without calling up thoughts which have very little to do with artistic matters. Certainly I should be sorry to think that the architectural forms of which I speak carry with them any necessary taint of political corruption. For in these round-arched buildings I see a good hope for real national American style. The thing seems to have come of itself; and the prospect is all the more hopeful if it has. I should be better pleased to think that the forms which pleased me when my eyes were fresh from Ragusa and Spalato were the work of men who had no thought of Ragusa and Spalato before their eyes.

I must leap from buildings to newspapers. And in the matter of newspapers I wish chiefly to speak of interviewers. I had the honor of having a good many things said of me in American papers, some friendly, some unfriendly, some neutral. And I might also say that some of the things that were said were perfectly true, some utterly false, while some had that mixed character, where imaginary details gather round a certain kernel of fact, which I conceive to be the true notion of a myth. It felt odd at first to have one's looks and one's clothes described and criticised in print; but one gets used to it as to other things. And if some disapproved of my trowsers and some of my "accent," it made up for it to find myself described elsewhere as "a man of might, used to move whole continents." I had certainly not rated my own powers of mind or body at anything like that measure; but a vanity which I trust was harmless could not but be pleased at finding that there were those who thought me capable of such great deeds. Now one is used to have odd things, though perhaps not quite so odd

as this, said of one in the newspapers of our own land. But the interviewer, the man who asks you questions simply in order to print your answers in a newspaper, is, as far as my experience goes, purely American. To be sure I was interviewed before I left England, and that by a fellow-Britisher; but then he was in the employ of a New York paper, and his portrait of me appeared at New York as soon as I landed. After I reached America I was interviewed a good many times. The process is not always pleasant; for the questioning consists largely in asking for one's impressions on various American matters, and specially on points of likeness and unlikeness between America and England. It is certainly odd that, when so many American papers are always assuring the world that they do not care for British opinion, they should still be so untiringly anxious to find out what British opinion is. And the questioning on these points sometimes puts one in an unfair dilemma. If one blames anything, one of course runs an obvious chance of giving offence. And if one praises anything one runs the chance of giving offence on the subtler ground of being thought "condescending" and "patronizing." One subject on which the interviewers were very anxious to get something out of me was Ireland. On that subject I had my own reasons for keeping strict silence. I was also asked a good many questions about myself, and I seemed to arouse a good deal of amazement whenever I had to explain that I was not a professor and that I did not live in a town. I fancy too that I sank a good deal in the opinions of some of my questioners when I had to tell them that I knew nothing about Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose name was then to be seen in large letters on the walls, as his photographs, in various attitudes, were to be seen in the windows, at Washington and at several other places. It was too true that I had never heard of Mr. Wilde till I took up his poems in the house of a gentleman in Massachusetts. I afterwards learned more about him from a lady at Washington, who showed me a poem of Mr. Wilde's which won the Newdigate prize at Oxford. The subject was Ravenna, and in it one half-line was given to Theodor. But I was sometimes pressed on much more amazing subjects. An interviewer at Cincinnati seemed to think himself wronged because I could tell him nothing whatever in answer to what seemed to me the very strange question,

"Do you think there is most drunkenness on Sunday afternoons in English or in American cities?" An interviewer further west represented me as saying that, the further west I went, the *better* I found the newspapers. I had not ventured on any such invidious comparison. I had kept myself to what I thought the safe and undeniable remark that the western papers were *bigger* than the eastern. On the whole I got used to the interviewers, and I was specially charmed with the moral portrait of me which was given by one of them at St. Louis. From him I learned that, when I don't know a thing, I say that I don't know it, and that, when I do know a thing, I speak as if I were quite certain about it. To the interviewer, as I gathered from his report, this way of acting seemed a little strange, though he clearly approved of the eccentricity. To my own mind the puzzle would be why any man should either pretend to know a thing which he does not know or pretend not to know a thing which he does know.

On more strictly historical and political matters I have spoken elsewhere. And specially I have, in one shape or another, said all that I have to say as to the relations between three lands of the English people, in the European mainland, in the European island, and in the American mainland. On this head I will say only one word as to one common misconception. Since I have made it somewhat of my business to set forth the essential oneness of the two great branches of the English people, I have been met, sometimes in friendly, sometimes in unfriendly, guise, by hints that I have forgotten the great influx of strangers, Germans and Scandinavians for instance, into the United States, which is supposed to have caused a real difference of race between the English in Britain and the English in America. I have certainly not forgotten a very obvious fact, one which I have often insisted on, and which, when really understood, tells my way. Those who argue in this way forget that the phenomena of England and America are in this matter really the same. Since the settlement of the American colonies, foreign settlement in England, chiefly German and French, though certainly much smaller than in America, is quite large enough to be perceptible. But in both cases the dominant English element asserts its supremacy by assimilating the stranger. Whether in Britain or in America, the German or other foreigner becomes En-

glish; the Englishman never becomes German. I must here repeat some simple truths. Strict purity of blood is not to be found in any nation, and the greater part a nation plays in the history of the world, the further it is sure to be from any such purity. But in most nations there is some one element which is more than an element. There is something which is in truth the essence of the nation, the kernel round which all other elements grow, that which attracts and assimilates them all to itself. Alike in Britain and in the United States, the part of this dominant and assimilating element is played by the English stock which settled in the one land in the fifth century, in the other in the seventeenth. I am fully aware that there are parts of the United States where more German is heard than English. But there is no part of the United States where English has been supplanted by German. When any State exchanges the English speech and law for the speech and law of some other people, then I shall allow that the people of the United States are a mixed race in the sense which is intended. Till then I shall hold them to be an English people which has adopted and assimilated — just as the English of Britain have done on a somewhat smaller scale — a large infusion of strangers. Into minuter questions as to the nature of assimilation, its comparative speed and the like under different sets of circumstances, I will not now enter.

The strength of the English stock in the United States is nowhere more clearly shown than in the fact that it not only assimilates all foreign elements in those lands which were colonies of England or colonies of such colonies, but that it makes itself dominant in lands which were never settled from England, but which were settled from other European lands. The short history of New Sweden, the longer history of New Netherland, shows us the way in which one body of Teutonic settlers gave way to another, and how the various kindred elements have been fused together, but not without leaving signs of earlier diversity. In some parts of New York City indeed the Low-Dutch stock, whether of Holland or of England, does seem to be overshadowed by that High-Dutch infusion which sometimes veils the Hebrew. But at Albany the influence of Holland and Zealand is perfectly visible, and at Schenectady one might almost think that their High Mightinesses still ruled on both sides of

the ocean. But the lands north-west of the Ohio, above all, the lands west of the Mississippi, have a yet more special history of their own. In the one we find a land won by Englishmen in warfare, when the colonies of England still were provinces, from the grasp of earlier colonists from France. In the other we find a land which never was an English colony—save in the sense in which the colonies of colonies may bear that name—which never was a possession of the British crown, which had no part or lot in the struggle which gave the colonies of England independence, a land to whose people Washington and the elder Adams were men of a foreign tongue, chiefs of a foreign nation—a land which became part of the soil of the new English-speaking folk, neither by warfare against the elder England nor by settlement from the elder England, but by bargain and sale in the days of the third president. In the State of Missouri, in the city of St. Louis—of the southern Louisiana which keeps its old name I cannot speak—the name of the city at once tells its history; and, if we look a little deeper, we soon find signs which tell us that we are in a land which once was French. Yet this land is now practically English, in the sense in which the rest of the United States are English; and in the wake of settlers of English speech has come the usual following of strangers, both of kindred and of foreign blood. The elder French stock is not driven out, but it is hidden till we specially search for it. Now here we have at once a striking parallel and a striking contrast to some of the lands of the most famous European confederation. As the once Romance lands of America revere the real Washington, who certainly did nothing for them, so the still Romance lands of Switzerland revere the mythical Tell, who may, at least in a figure, be said to have done something against them. Not only are the legendary heroes of the Three Lands revered on the neutral ground of Vaud and Geneva, they are revered in Ticino itself, where the men who were so zealous for freedom on their own soil showed themselves only as the harshest of taskmasters. The contrast lies in this: the Romance lands of Switzerland are Romance still; the Romance lands of America have ceased to be Romance. The real and mythical heroes of the elder Switzerland assuredly did nothing either for the land or the men of the Burgundian and Italian cantons; but the real heroes of the elder States of

the American Union, if they did nothing for the lands of Missouri and Louisiana, assuredly did much for the forefathers of the great mass of the present inhabitants of those lands. Here are instances in which the local history of the American States connects itself, sometimes merely by analogy, sometimes by direct cause and effect, with European history, and sometimes with the oldest European history. In a land where everything at first sight seems to be of yesterday, we soon come to learn that the past, even the very remote past, has struck its roots very deep indeed.

So, as it seems to me, it is in all things small and great. The one main conviction which I have carried away from my American sojourn is that, while some things in the United States are palpably of yesterday, yet, whenever a thing is not palpably of yesterday, the chances are that it is older than the thing which answers to it on our own side of the ocean.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
NO NEW THING.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### TWO FLATTERING OFFERS.

LIFE in the country generally, and life in the neighborhood of Crayminster somewhat more particularly, is seldom remarkable for abundance of incident; and upon the principle that the safest thing for a sailor to do with his head, when in the heat of action, is to thrust it through a hole made in the side of the ship by a cannon-ball, it may be assumed that, after such an eventful day as that through which Miss Brune had just passed when we took leave of her in the month of November, nothing more of a startling nature was likely to happen to her for some time to come. To be run away with, to be thrown from one's horse, to receive and reject an offer of marriage, all within the twenty-four hours, is indeed to draw rather recklessly upon one's fair average of excitement; and Nellie, who, as it may be remembered, had been a good deal bored and eager for any small trifle in the way of novelty before these things had taken place, was abundantly satisfied with what she had got, and asked for nothing better than a further period of repose and dulness in which to recover herself.

Such a period did in due course follow,

and lasted for a matter of six weeks; but at the expiration of that time a truly remarkable piece of experience fell to Nellie's share—a piece of experience such as no woman ever quite forgets, and which is looked back upon with a certain degree of pride by all and with heartfelt regret by a good many. It was towards the end of December that the county was roused to a high pitch of interest and expectation by the reappearance of the Duke of Retford, who, being still shut out of his Yorkshire mansion, had selected Craybridge to pass Christmas at, as being upon the whole the least comfortless of the many country houses that belonged to him. He came down in quite a patriarchal fashion, accompanied or speedily followed by numerous relatives, and among these was his eldest son.

Now this young man had greatly liked and admired Nellie during his stay at Craybridge at the time of the festivities consequent upon his coming of age; and so sincere had been his admiration that he had not at all forgotten her, although five whole months had passed away since he had bidden her farewell. One of the first things, therefore, that he did upon finding himself once more within reach of her was to ride over to Broom Leas, where he was so kindly received that he discovered a series of pretexts for repeating his visit three times in little more than a week. About Christmas-time his parents, as in duty bound, gave a ball at which he danced a great many times with Nellie—thereby exciting much surprise and envy, and not a little spitefulness. After that there came a ten days' frost, which afforded additional opportunities for neighborly intercourse; and the outcome of it all was that, while the new year was still young, the Most Honorable the Marquis of Craybridge made a formal offer of his hand and all the contingent glories belonging thereto to Miss Brune.

It may be asserted without ill nature—and, in truth, there is nothing ill-natured in the assertion—that the number of women in England who could relinquish without a pang the prospect of becoming a duchess may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Nellie Brune, at any rate, was not one of that select and high-minded few. She would have liked very much to be a duchess, and to be rich and powerful, and to hold out a helping hand to her brothers in their several professions, and to wear the famous Retford diamonds, and to step at once and without an effort from the respectable but obscure ranks of

the country gentry into the inner circle of the highest society of her native land. All this would have been exceedingly pleasant to her; and yet she felt that she could not marry Lord Craybridge. She refused him with an honest sigh, but she did refuse him.

The young man was very much astonished, which was natural enough—and rather angry, which showed a want of proper feeling on his part, but was also, perhaps, not unnatural. Of course, in a manner of speaking, Miss Brune was worthy of an imperial throne; but, contemplating things from a common-sense and every-day standpoint, she really was hardly in a position to treat marquises as though they were made of mere common clay. This marquis had been willing to set the wishes of his parents at defiance, and to brave the displeasure of his entire family for her sake. He had thought rather well of himself for being so independent, and it certainly had never entered into his head that any opposition to his desires could come from her. He was a very young man and a somewhat hot-tempered one, and he could not help letting her see something of what he thought respecting her conduct in this matter. Thereupon she, too, became angry, and told him he had a vulgar mind; and so high words passed, and the interview was nearly ending in a mortal quarrel. Lord Craybridge, however, regained his self-control in time to avert so undignified a parting. He confessed that he had forgotten himself, begged for forgiveness, and was forgiven. Would there be any hope for him at any future time? he asked. Nellie replied that she was very sorry, but that there never could be any hope for him at all. He then observed that he didn't care what became of him now, and departed declaring that he should live and die a bachelor, and expressing a hope that his demise might speedily ensue. And about three weeks afterwards he proposed to the beautiful Lady Hilda Montacute, by whom he was accepted; and they were married with great pomp at Westminster Abbey in the spring, and lived happily ever afterwards.

The foregoing episode, having only an indirect bearing upon the course of the present story, has been somewhat condensed in narration; but the various workings of it occupied a large portion of Nellie's time and thoughts during the winter, and it was the means of exalting her beyond measure in the estimation of her neighbors; for it need hardly be said



that the whole county heard all about it, the news having leaked out and been promulgated in the usual mysterious way. Ladies are not supposed to reveal the names of their rejected suitors (as a matter of fact they generally do reveal them, but that is neither here nor there), and in the present instance Nellie was as reticent as the strictest code of social ethics could have required her to be. Besides her father, she only communicated the circumstance to Mrs. Stanniforth, who was almost like a mother to her; and every lady is allowed to have one confidant. Margaret, again, was anything but a garrulous person; but when Mrs. Winnington sneered openly at Nellie for having so signally failed to "catch poor Mr. Stanniforth," how was it possible to resist the temptation of proving that a much more eligible *parti* than Tom Stanniforth had been declined by the young lady? Proving is perhaps hardly the right word to use, inasmuch as there could be no tangible proof adduced in support of the statement, and indeed Mrs. Winnington declared at once and without hesitation that she didn't believe a word of it. Nature, however, was too strong for Mrs. Winnington, and despite her expressed incredulity, she could not help treating Nellie from that day forth with a wondering respect which its subject was puzzled to account for.

As for Margaret, her joy over the discomfiture of Lord Craybridge was extreme. There could be but one reason, she thought, for his rejection; and, being quite satisfied now as to the state of Nellie's affections, she became more than ever anxious for Philip to return. Philip, his doings and his prospects, were the most frequent subject of conversation between the two ladies. It was a comfort to the elder to have some one within reach who understood and appreciated that paragon, while the younger was glad to be able to speak without repugnance of one, at least, among the persons in whom her kind friend was interested. Mrs. Winnington, back from her autumn manoeuvres in the west, and upon the whole not ill-pleased with the results thereof, was more than usually out of sympathy with them both at this time. When Margaret hesitatingly informed her of the career which Philip had chosen for himself, she remarked drily that she was not at all surprised, but that for her part she did not care about including a mountebank in the list of her acquaintances; and to Nellie she made herself objectionable

by intimating in no ambiguous language that Tom Stanniforth's engagement to Edith might now be looked upon as very nearly an accomplished fact. She had encountered Mr. Stanniforth, it appeared, in the course of her peregrinations, and had — or said she had — been given to understand pretty clearly by him what his ambition was. "I have not breathed a word upon the subject to dear Edith; I would never interfere in such a matter. I fancy, though, that I can foresee her answer, and I really think that in many ways she will have chosen wisely. Rank, after all, is not everything, and dear Mr. Stanniforth is so good — such a thoroughly sterling and genuine character."

Nellie, albeit not unprepared for this intelligence, was profoundly disgusted by it, and said some bitter things to Margaret about the ease with which Edith had got over her attachment to poor Walter. Not even to Margaret had she ever disclosed what had passed between her and Mr. Stanniforth on that memorable November afternoon, but in her heart she condemned him no less severely than the young woman to whom he had so promptly transferred his allegiance. To be sure, she did not want to marry him herself, and it was nothing to her whom he might choose to marry; but she thought he might have had the decency to wait a little longer. He had taken rather a liberty in asking her to be his wife at all; but that he should have asked her in that sort of way, simply because he wanted a wife — any wife — was just a little bit too insulting. One is sorry to have to record weaknesses on the part of one's heroine; but it is a fact that when Edith complained that Nellie Brune never met her now without sniffing at her, she was not going far beyond the limits of truth.

There were thus many little daily pin-pricks which served not only to strengthen the friendship which had subsisted for so long between Margaret and her young neighbor, but to narrow the stream of their common interests into one channel. If some people thought that Philip would lower himself and those connected with him by singing for his supper, like little Tom Tucker, that was by no means Miss Brune's opinion. On the contrary, she applauded his resolution with a heartiness that quite reassured Margaret, who, as we have seen, had had some misgivings upon the point at first. Why, Nellie pertinently inquired, should it be considered a more honorable occupation to plead the cause of murderers and forgers than

to afford innocent pleasure to people of refinement? Did anybody dare to look down upon artists nowadays? And was not a great singer just as much an artist as a great painter? What was really disgraceful was to eat the bread of idleness; and that was what she had sometimes feared that Philip might be contented to do. Now she said she should always feel proud of him.

Speeches of this kind were very soothing and encouraging to Margaret, and went far towards consoling her for the uneasiness which she felt at Philip's protracted absence. He was always writing to say that he meant to come and see her as soon as ever he could find the time, but somehow or other he never did find the time; and a vague rumor connecting his name with that of Signora Tommasini trickled down to Crayminster, and gave Margaret (who had never seen the signora, and supposed her to be a young and fascinating creature) a terrible fright. At length, however, there came a letter to announce that Philip proposed to revisit Longbourne at Easter, and that he hoped to be able to remain there for some weeks. This joyful news was at once transmitted to Broom Leas by Margaret, who mentioned with regret that the same post had brought her a refusal from Tom Stanniforth. "I hoped he might have been able to run down for Easter too," she said; "but he tells me he will be busy all through the recess."

"Oh, what a good thing!" exclaimed Nellie, clasping her hands involuntarily.

Her ejaculation had been called forth by the latter piece of intelligence, but Margaret naturally set it down to gratification at the former. And in truth Nellie was very glad to see Philip again. He arrived looking very pale and fagged, as he might have been expected to do after a long spell of hard labor, and was made much of by the ladies whose admiration he chiefly coveted. Margaret, of course, would have petted him under any circumstances; but he was not prepared to meet with so kind a reception at the hands of Nellie, having found her on previous occasions more of a critic than a sympathizer. Now she was amiability itself. She made him sing to her; she praised his voice in terms more enthusiastic than any that had yet flattered his ears (poor Fanny had hardly known one note from another); she prophesied a triumphant success for him, and listened with much interest to all that he would tell her about his life in London.

This sort of thing delighted Philip, and so, for that matter, did everything connected with Longbourne and the ordinary course of existence there. He had been for so many months without the small luxuries and refinements which go with wealth that he had almost forgotten what they were like, and valued them doubly now that they were once more within his reach. Even such trifling matters as a constant supply of clean towels in his bedroom, and the finding of his clothes ready brushed and laid out for him when he wanted them, were productive of a great deal of pleasure to him, and he sometimes found himself marvelling how he could have put up so cheerfully with the wretched discomforts of Coomassie Villa and Conduit Street. But it was not often that he thought of Coomassie Villa and Conduit Street, or of his residence there, at all. That era of his life already belonged to the past, and had been pushed into a pigeon-hole of his memory, to be looked at occasionally, or to be forgotten altogether, as chance might decree. His thoughts now were occupied entirely with the present; and a very agreeable sort of present it was, taking it all in all. Plenty of well-drilled servants to minister to his wants, good things to eat, the best of wines to drink, soft-voiced, well-bred women to talk to—these things sufficed, at least for the time being, to satisfy his soul. The season of the year, too, was delicious. The white, bright sunlight of spring was rousing the sleeping earth to life; the chestnut-buds were bursting; the fruit trees were covered with starry blossoms, which fell like miniature snowstorms before every puff of the soft west wind; the thrushes and blackbirds could be heard in the cool mornings; all nature was preparing for a fresh start; and what could be more fitting than that the heart of this young man should lightly turn in the usual direction?

It must not, however, be supposed that Philip had learnt so little from experience as to think in any serious fashion of paying his addresses to Nellie Brune. He said to himself, with a smile, that Margaret would never induce him to do that, charm she never so wisely. Of the pinch of poverty he had had more than enough to last him his lifetime, and to convince him that matrimonial happiness was quite irreconcilable with straitened means. He was nevertheless—so he believed—deeply in love with Nellie. He had always suspected himself of being so; and now various subtle influences, some of

which have been enumerated, turned his suspicion into certainty. All this being so, a delicately scrupulous youth might have thought it his duty to keep out of the maiden's way, lest perchance he should delude her with hopes which could never be fulfilled; but Philip, it is scarcely necessary to say, did not pursue any such course. What he did was to resume his chronic flirtation with Nellie just where he had left it, throwing a little more ardor into his words and looks as beseeemed the increased reality of his passion, and, for the rest, allowing himself to drift down stream, in accordance with his old habit, with a languid, pleased curiosity as to what might be going to happen to him next.

One morning, about a fortnight after his return, he made his appearance at Broom Leas in an evident state of suppressed excitement, and hardly gave himself time to say good-morning before he attacked Miss Brune with a direct question.

"I say, Nellie, is it a fact that you refused Craybridge last winter?"

Nellie, who at that moment was standing in one of the paddocks, trying to induce a shy young colt to accept a lump of sugar from her hand, whisked round abruptly, and threw her lump of sugar away.

"Who told you that?" she asked. "Was it Mrs. Stanniforth? She promised me that she would not mention it to anybody."

"No, it wasn't Meg. I heard it last night at the club at Crayminster."

"The club?—how disgusting! How do people find these things out? I wish they would mind their own business."

"Everybody knows everything: it can't be helped," said Philip. "I must confess that, if a duchess had proposed to me, and I had refused her, I should immediately publish the fact abroad myself. You really did refuse him, then?"

"Yes, I really did. Wonderful; wasn't it?"

"Upon my word," answered Philip, looking at her curiously, "I think it was rather wonderful. Why in the world did you do it, Nellie?"

Nellie laughed. "Why did I refuse him? Well, for the best of all reasons; I didn't care enough about him to marry him."

"And you call that the best of all reasons?" ejaculated Philip, with uplifted hands.

"Ah!" said Nellie, with a touch of

scorn, "you can't understand any girl's resisting the eldest son of a duke."

"I could only understand it upon one supposition," answered Philip slowly; "that there was some one else whom she liked better."

He pronounced the last words in a low voice, keeping his eyes on the ground as he spoke. He raised them just in time to encounter Nellie's, which were blazing with anger, while a fine rush of color had overspread her face.

"Philip," she cried, "you are very impertinent!"

"What a little spitfire you are, Nellie! Surely such old friends as you and I may say anything to each other. However, I apologize humbly, and beg leave to withdraw the remark, since it makes you so angry."

"I am not a bit angry," returned Nellie; "but I don't think anybody ought to say a thing like that. To begin with it is quite untrue; and besides —"

"What besides?"

"Well, I hate that sort of thing being said about me. What business have you and your friends at the Crayminster Club to discuss me at all? I thought ladies' names were never mentioned at clubs."

"Gracious goodness! what could have made you suppose that? All the same, you might have known that I should not discuss you, or allow you to be discussed, in any club of which I was a member. A man happened to mention to me that there was a rumor to the effect that you had refused Craybridge, and asked me whether it was true; that was all."

"Very well; I don't want to hear any more about it. Let us change the subject."

Philip did as he was bid; but although he ceased to speak of the subject, he did not by any means cease to think of it; and, at the risk of lowering him still further in the esteem of the reader, it must be confessed that he shared in some degree in the respect which Mrs. Winnington felt for a girl who did not care about becoming Duchess of Retford. For this he shall be despised as much as the reader may think fit; but it would be hardly fair to blame him for believing that the astonishing sacrifice in question had been made for his sake. Margaret had no sort of doubt upon the point, and did not hesitate to say as much when consulted; while Nellie's confusion and wrath had seemed to tell their own tale in tolerably plain language. No wonder that Philip should have concluded that the prize—if prize

it were — might be his for the asking. And from that day forth he began to think that perhaps he would ask for it. After all, there was nothing to deter him from doing so, except the dread of privations; and was it not a matter of certainty that in a few years' time he would be in receipt of an income nearly, if not quite, as large as Signora Tommasini's? At the same time, he was not inclined to do anything hastily. It has been said before that Philip was fond of a certain careless method of self-study, and it would have been strange indeed if he had not found out this much about himself, that none of his passions or desires were very deep-rooted. He certainly would not have broken his heart if Nellie had married Lord Craybridge: he did not suppose that his heart would break if she were to do so even now; though the notion of her belonging to any one else was an excessively painful one to him. Delay, then, could do no harm, and might possibly be productive of good; and so he came round to his old comfortable determination to wait upon events.

It will be obvious to any one who cares to be at the trouble of thinking over the situation that only a very small event was required, under these circumstances, to overcome Philip's prudence and hurry him into a declaration; and such an event came to pass, not many days later, on the occasion of a dinner-party at Longbourne. It was a large dinner-party — one of those dinner-parties which are given only in the country, where anything like a selection of company is not to be thought of, and where, if the table be big enough, everybody must be asked on the same day, lest unworthy suspicions should arise of a second division of guests having been invited to eat up the leavings of the first. All the magnates of the surrounding district and various clerical dignitaries from Crayminster were present at it; and, as some of them did not happen to be upon speaking terms, Mrs. Winnington had large opportunities for the display of tact, and enjoyed herself very much.

Philip also had been accustomed to derive a good deal of quiet enjoyment from these periodical feasts, which, indeed, were rich in humorous incident to the appreciative spectator; but this time he was not amused at all. In the first place there was nobody to laugh with him, Margaret being too busy, and Nellie otherwise occupied; and then he was disagreeably conscious of being overlooked. In

London he had always been somebody; people had thought him very clever and diverting, and had listened to him when he talked; he had also been a celebrity in a small way by reason of his well-known talents. But the fame of these had not penetrated so far as Crayminster, or, if it had, was not thought much of there. The squires and the canons, with their respective wives, who met round Mrs. Stanniforth's dining-table, knew Mr. Marescalchi only as a dependent of hers, and, if they noticed him at all, considered him rather a poor sort of fellow. He had no claims upon the admiration of any of them. He had not distinguished himself at Oxford, he was not seen in the hunting-field; and, for all that, he gave himself airs and looked conceited. Philip, therefore, was thrust completely into the background. But perhaps he would not have minded that so much if Nellie Brune had not received such marked recognition from all quarters; and that again he would not perhaps have minded so much if the younger men of the party had been less assiduous in their attentions to her. Some of these young men were rich; one, in particular, had just come into an estate which was said to be worth ten thousand a year, and he was a good-looking fellow into the bargain. It was he who took Miss Brune in to dinner; and when Philip saw him devoting himself to her in a most conspicuous manner, and Nellie accepting his devotion with every appearance of complacency, he began to be assailed by the pangs of jealousy. If he had used his reasoning powers he must have perceived that, having triumphed over the rivalry of a future duke, he could have little to fear from a mere country gentleman; but when a man is in love — and Philip, it must be remembered, was really in love — his reasoning powers are seldom at their best. Besides, what he experienced was not so much a dread that Nellie might marry the eligible youth as intense dislike to seeing her monopolized by anybody but himself. In the drawing-room, after dinner, things were very nearly as bad. Nellie was then surrounded by a compact body of men, young and old, married and single, and there was no getting near her. So he retired in disgust, and tried to get a rise out of Mrs. Winnington by making violent love to Edith; but here again he was doomed to failure. Edith sat bolt upright in her chair, looking absolutely blank and not listening to a word that he said, and Mrs. Winnington was no longer to be drawn by that threadbare stratagem.

The evening was long and dull, as such evenings must inevitably be, and probably no one in the room was more bored by it than Philip. It ended, however, with one of those strokes of luck which fell to his share so frequently that he had come to look upon them as in some sort his birth-right. Mr. Brune, who had been obliged to go up to London for the day, and who was to return by the last train, had arranged that the brougham which was to bring him up from the station should proceed to Longbourne afterwards and fetch his daughter. But as this could not be much before midnight, as the last of the guests departed while the clock was striking eleven, and as there was a brilliant moon outside, Miss Brune took it into her head that she would prefer to walk, and anticipated the proposition that was on Philip's lips by asking him point-blank to see her home.

It was thus that Philip, having thrown the reins upon the neck of events, found himself gently hurried by them along a path which he was not unwilling to follow. The time and the hour had evidently come; the *mise en scène*, as he said to himself with a little inward laugh, was quite what it ought to be. Here were silence, solitude, a sleeping world bathed in the mysterious silvery light of the moon; here was the beloved object tripping by his side across the broad, black shadows of the lime-trees; it only remained for him to say what he had to say in as pretty and apposite words as he could command. And long before the lodge had come in sight he had said it. His heart beat a little more quickly while he waited for his answer, but only a little more quickly; seeing that he had not really any doubt at all as to what that answer would be.

Apparently it was Nellie Brune's fate to astonish her suitors. She astonished Philip very much indeed; for she not only walked on without replying, but she did not even look at him, or turn away her head and allow him to gain possession of her hand, or signify her consent in any fashion whatsoever. He was obliged at last to repeat his question; and then she answered, as coolly as if she had been remarking that it was a fine night, "I was thinking."

After that she walked on for several yards in silence, and then said, "Philip, are you quite sure that you wish this?"

"Nellie!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"I mean, do you really wish it very much? Because, unless you do —"

If there was an art of which Philip was complete master, it was that of love-making. He was always so thoroughly in earnest for the moment. He begged and implored now as humbly as if he had not felt certain in his heart of success; he protested — believing firmly in the truth of the statement, as he made it — that Nellie had been the one love of his life; he reminded her of the vows which they had exchanged as children, and assured her that he had never in reality swerved from his allegiance. He acknowledged that she had every right to think him fickle; he had, as she knew, had many other fancies; but they had only been fancies. In short, he had been a boy; and now he was a man, and knew his own mind. All this, and a great deal more, he said; winding up with a candid avowal that he had not intended to tell her of his love so soon. He had felt that he ought not to speak so long as he had not a home and an assured income to offer; and this was why she had perhaps fancied him lukewarm.

"That was not quite what I meant," answered Nellie, as soon as he had done. "I have known for a long time that Mrs. Stanniforth wished this very much, and lately I have thought that you wished it too — in a way. Only it struck me that, if you were not very much set upon it, it would be so much nicer to — go on as we are. I can't explain exactly," she went on, speaking more rapidly; "but, do you know, Philip, I am afraid sometimes that I have no heart. I am fond of you; I have been very fond of you all my life. You always came next to Walter."

"Next to Walter!" ejaculated Philip in doleful accents.

"I am very sorry; I can't help it," said Nellie penitently. "I thought I ought to tell you."

The blow to Philip's vanity was so severe and so unexpected that he could not help laughing a little, though he felt very sore.

"The long and the short of it is," said he, "that I have been ass enough to flatter myself that you cared for me as I do for you, when all the time you have had nothing but a sort of sisterly affection for me. I have brought this upon myself, and I must try to make the best of it, that's all."

She saw that he was hurt, though he spoke so lightly, and she looked up at him with a humble, deprecating gaze which rather puzzled him. "It isn't only a sort



of affection," she said; "it's a great deal more than that."

Suddenly it flashed across Philip that here was a new variety of the genus woman. He had heard of girls who could not acknowledge to themselves that they were in love until they were taught to do so; he believed that in the early years of the century all women were like that, or were supposed to be so. Might not this one, who was country-bred, be a survival of that bygone type?

"Nellie," he exclaimed triumphantly, seizing her by both hands, "I believe you do love me, in spite of all you say! Tell me one thing: did you ever meet another man whom you could by any possibility have thought of marrying?"

"No," she answered promptly and decidedly; "certainly not."

"Then —" cried Philip.

"Ah, but," she interrupted, drawing back from him, "I don't think I love even you enough to marry you. At least, I don't think I love you in the right way. I wish I did; but I'm afraid I don't."

"Nellie," said Philip gravely, "don't throw away your happiness and mine like this. I won't ask you for a final answer to-night; but to-morrow, or the day after, if you like, you shall tell me whether I may hope for all that I care to live for, or whether I am to go straight to the dogs — as I certainly shall, if I have nothing in life to look forward to."

She caught at this respite eagerly, promising that, if it were possible, it should be as he wished; but entreating him not to conclude that, because she had not said no at once, she might not be forced to do so afterwards. She did not understand herself, she said, and could not expect that he should understand her.

But Philip understood perfectly well that the battle was as good as won.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," ETC.

# CHAPTER I.

SINGAPORE, *January, 1879.*

It is hot — so hot! — but not stifling, and all the rich-flavored, colored fruits of

the tropics are here — fruits whose generous juices are drawn from the moist and heated earth, and whose flavors are the imprisoned rays of the fierce sun of the tropics. Such cartloads and piles of bananas and pineapples, such heaps of custard-apples and "bullocks' hearts," such a wealth of gold and green giving off fragrance! Here, too, are treasures of the heated, crystal seas — things that one has dreamed of after reading Jules Verne's romances. Big canoes, manned by dark-skinned men in white turbans and loincloths, floated round our ship, or rather lay poised on clear depths of aquamarine water, with fairy heights — forests of coral white as snow, or red, pink, violet, in massive branches or fern-like sprays, fresh from their warm homes beneath the clear, warm waves, where fish as bright-tinted as themselves flash through them like "living light." There were displays of wonderful shells, too, of pale rose-pink, and others with rainbow tints which, like rainbows, came and went — nothing scanty, feeble, or pale!

It is a drive of two miles from the pier to Singapore, and to eyes which have only seen the yellow skins and non-vividness of the far East, a world of wonders opens at every step. Singapore is really the Charing Cross or Oban of the East. From it steamers start for Australia, China, Japan, England, France, Italy, Ceylon, India, Burmah, Sumatra, Malacca, and any number of small ports. Yet the only people who look thoroughly awake are the Chinese, who number eighty-six thousand out of a population of one hundred and thirty thousand.\* They monopolize many streets altogether, erect temples, club-houses, opium-dens, and gaming-houses, are utterly unquelled by the heat, and are said to be gradually supplanting the smaller European merchants. They bring their clan feuds with them, and by means of their secret societies and an unlimited amount of false swearing, defy British justice, and constitute an element of danger as well as of prosperity. Their merchants, some of whom are

adventurous journeys, have been so attractive in former years. Mrs. Bishop says: —

"These chapters consist of extracts from my letters, and in part of these extracts condensed. The native States of the Malay Peninsula have made some progress both in population and importance since they were written, and a few things which were true two years ago may be so no longer. I leave the letters as they were, however, as a record of impressions and experiences while both were fresh."

I. L. B.

\* The population of Singapore, by the census of 1881, consisted of 2,796 Europeans, 22,664 Malays, 86,766 Chinamen, and 12,104 natives of India.

\* The readers of the *Leisure Hour* will gladly welcome a new record of travel from the pen of "Isabella Bird," whose ride in the Rocky Mountains, and other

very rich, sell everything, and as they are always able to undersell Europeans, their customers are of all races and classes. They are in such an enormous majority that one would suppose Singapore to be a Chinese town.

The city is all ablaze with color. I can hardly recall the pallid race which lives in our dim, pale islands, and is costumed in our hideous clothes. Every costume, from Arabia to China, floats through the streets; robes of silk, satin, brocade, and muslin; and Parsees in spotless white, Jews and Arabs in dark, rich colors, Klings (natives of southern India) in crimson and white, Bombay merchants in turbans of large size and crimson cummerbunds, Malays in red *sarongs*, Sikhs in pure white, their great height rendered almost colossal by the classic arrangement of their draperies, and Chinamen, from the coolie, in his blue or brown cotton, to the wealthy merchant in his frothy silk *crêpe* and rich brocaded silk, make up a medley irresistibly fascinating to the stranger. Among these mingled foreign nationalities, the Klings, next to the Chinese, are the most numerous, and as there is no check on the immigration of their women, one sees the unveiled Kling beauties in great numbers. The Klings and Bengalees seem to do whatever the Chinese leave undone. In one place one sees hundreds of them round a piece of water not pre-eminently clean, unmercifully beating the delicate laces, gauzy silks, and elaborate flouncings of the European ladies on great stones, for they are the laundrymen of Singapore. Then they row boats, drive gharries, run as syces, lend small sums for large interest, sell fruit, keep small shops, carry "chit-books," and make themselves as useful as their mediocre abilities will allow, but never amass fortunes as the Chinese do. They are said to be harmless to their neighbors. The men are very fine-looking, lithe, and active, and, as they clothe but little, their forms are seen to great advantage.

The Kling women are, I think, beautiful — not so much in face as in form and carriage. I am never weary of watching and admiring their inimitable grace of movement. Their faces are oval, their foreheads low, their eyes dark and liquid, their noses shapely, but disfigured by the universal adoption of jewelled nose-rings; their lips full, but not thick or coarse; their heads small and exquisitely set on long, slender throats; their ears small, but much dragged out of shape by the

wearing of two or three hoop-earrings in each; and their glossy, wavy, black hair, which grows classically low on the forehead, is gathered into a Grecian knot at the back. Their clothing — or rather drapery — is a mystery, for it covers and drapes perfectly, yet has no "make," far less "fit," and leaves every graceful movement unimpeded. It seems to consist of ten wide yards of soft white muslin or soft red material, so ingeniously disposed when the wearer puts it on as to drape the bust and lower limbs, and form a girdle at the same time. One shoulder and arm are usually left bare. The part which may be called a petticoat — though the word is a slur upon the graceful drapery — is short, and shows the finely-turned ankles, high insteps, and small feet. These women are tall, and straight as arrows; their limbs are long and rounded; their appearance is timid — one might almost say modest — and their walk is the poetry of movement. A tall, graceful Kling woman, draped as I have described, gliding along the pavement, her statuesque figure the perfection of graceful ease, a dark pitcher on her head, just touched by the beautiful hand, showing the finely moulded arm, is a beautiful object, classical in form, exquisite in movement, and artistic in coloring, a child of the tropic sun. What thinks she, I wonder — if she thinks at all — of the pale European, paler for want of exercise and engrossing occupation, who steps out of her carriage in front of her, an ungraceful heap of *poufs* and frills, tottering painfully on high heels, in tight boots, her figure distorted into the shape of a Japanese saké bottle, every movement a struggle to a jerk, the clothing utterly unsuited to this climate, or any climate, impeding motion, and affecting health, comfort, and beauty alike?

What may be called the native streets are crowded. The bazaars, which contain a medley of fruits, roots, Chinese edibles, old and new clothing of all nations, ironmongery from England and America, pottery from China and Staffordshire, native mats, and Eastern and Western stuffs of all colors and prices, create a perpetual twilight by hanging "tatties" or other screens between themselves and the street, forming long, dark alleys, in which buyers and sellers chaffer over the goods. The bustle and noise of this quarter are considerable, and the vociferation mingles with the ringing of bells and the beating of gongs and tomtoms — an intensely heathenish sound. And hea-

thenish this great city is. Joss-houses, Hindoo temples, and mosques almost jostle each other, and the indescribable clamor of the temples and the din of the joss-houses are only faintly pierced by the shrill cry from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer, and proclaiming the divine unity and the mission of Mohamed in one breath. This huge, mingled, colored, busy, Oriental population bulks more largely in my eyes than the ruling race. The foreign merchants, hidden away behind jalousies in their offices, or dashing down the streets in buggies, make but a small show, and their houses are mostly roomy, detached bungalows, hidden by the bountiful vegetation of the climate, in which their wives lead half-expiring lives in deep twilight, kept alive by the efforts of the good-natured punkah-wallah. There is an hour at which they emerge and drive in given directions, and divert themselves with kettle-drums, dances, and other devices for killing time, with the mercury at eighty degrees! Just now the maharajah of Johore, sovereign of a small State on the nearest part of the mainland, and much favored and decorated by the British government for unswerving fidelity to British interests, has a house here, and his receptions and other parties break the monotony.

Singapore, as the capital of the Straits Settlements and the residence of the governor, has a garrison, defensive works, ships of war hanging about, and a great deal of military as well as commercial importance, and "the roll of the British drum" is a reassuring sound in the midst of the unquiet Chinese population. The governor is assisted by a lieutenant-governor at Penang and a resident councillor at Malacca, and his actual rule extends to the three nominally "protected" States of the Malay Peninsula—Sungei-Ujong, Salangor, and Perak—the affairs of which are administered by British residents, who are more or less responsible to him. Singapore is really an island of no great size, separated from the mainland State of Johore by a strait so narrow that it is said that tigers swim across it, and is covered with a rich, tropical jungle shading a rich red soil. It is only about eighty miles from the equator, and as there are showers at conveniently regular hours nearly every day of the year, drowning dews, and the temperature, though rarely rising above 85° in the shade in the daytime, seldom falls below 80° at night, the richness of vegetation produced by the steady heat and moisture is won-

derful. It will be impossible to forget either the heat or the mosquitos, though I must admit that the former is far more bearable here than in many other places, and the climate is remarkably healthy. It is intensely tropical; there are mangrove swamps, and fringes of coco-palms, and banana groves, date, sago, and travellers' palms, tree-ferns, india-rubber, mango, custard-apple, jak-fruit, durian, lime, pomegranate, pineapples, and orchids, and all kinds of strangling and parrot-blossomed trailers. Vegetation, rich, profuse, riotous, rapid, smothering, in all shades of vivid green, from the pea-green of early spring to the dark, velvety green of the magnolia and the yellow plumage of the palm, riots in a heavy shower every night, and the heat of a perennial sunblaze every day, while monkeys of various kinds and bright-winged birds skip and flit through the jungle shades. On this beautiful island there is a perpetual battle between man and the jungle, and the latter in fact is only brought to bay within a short distance of Singapore.

But Singapore, to me, is a mere halting-place *en route* to the mainland, a kindly and hospitable one, for I had scarcely arrived at the hotel before a resident, to whom I had not even a letter of introduction, called and took me to his house. All the European houses appear to have very deep verandahs, large, lofty rooms, punkahs everywhere, windows without glass, brick floors, and jalousies and "tatties" (blinds made of fine grass) to keep out the light and the flies.

MALACCA, Jan. 21-23.

In the absence of the governor, Mr. Cecil Smith, the colonial secretary, kindly gave me introductions at Malacca and other points in the Malay Peninsula, and the difficulty about getting thither was solved by a small Chinese steamer called the "Rainbow," once the property of the rajah of Sarawak. She is a very small vessel, her captain half Portuguese and half Malay, her crew Chinese, and her cabin passengers were all Chinese merchants. Her engineer is a Welshman, a kindly soul, who assured Mr. —, when he commended me to his care, that "he was a family man, and that nothing gave him greater pleasure than seeing that ladies were comfortable;" and I owed to his good offices the very small modicum of comfort that I had. Waiting on the little bridge was far from being wearisome, there was such a fascination in watching the costumed and manifold life

of the harbor, the black-hulled, sullen-looking steamers from Europe discharging cargo into lighters, Malay prahus of all sizes but one form, sharp at both ends, and with eyes on their bows like the Cantonese and Cochin China boats, reeling as though they would upset under large mat sails, and rowing-boats rowed by handsome, statuesque Klings. A steamer was discharging six hundred pilgrims from Mecca in most picturesque costumes, and there were boats with men in crimson turbans and graceful robes of pure white muslin, and others a mass of blue umbrellas, while some contained Brahmans with the mark of caste set conspicuously on their foreheads, all moving in a veil of gold in the setting of a heavy fringe of coco-palms.

We sailed at four, with a strong, favorable breeze, and the sea was really delightful as we passed among green islets clothed with dense tropical vegetation down to the water's edge, right out into the open water of the Straits of Malacca, a burning, waveless sea, into which the sun was descending in mingled flame and blood. Then, dinner for three, consisting of an excellent curry, was spread on the top of the cabin, and eaten by the captain, engineer, and myself; after which the engineer took me below to arrange for my comfort, and as it was obviously impossible for me to sleep in a very dirty and very small hole, tenanted by cockroaches disproportionately large, and with a temperature of eighty-eight degrees, he took a mattress and pillows upon the bridge, and told me his history and that of his colored wife and sixteen children under seventeen, of his pay of £35 a month, lent me a box of matches, and vanished into the lower regions with the consoling words, "If you want anything in the night, just call 'Engineer' down the engine skylight." It does one's heart good to meet with such a countryman. The "Rainbow" is one of the many tokens of preponderating Chinese influence in the Straits of Malacca. The tickets are Chinese as well as the ownership and crew. The supercargo who took my ticket was a sleek young Chinaman in a pigtail, girdle, and white cotton trousers. The cabin passengers were all Chinamen. The deck was packed with Chinese coolies on their way to seek wealth in the diggings of Perak. They were lean, yellow, and ugly, smoked a pipe of opium each at sundown, wore loose blue cotton trousers, and their pigtails coiled round their heads. We had slipped our cable at

Singapore because these coolies were clambering up over every part of the vessel, and defying all attempts to keep them out, so that "to cut and run" was our only chance. The owners do not allow any intoxicant to be brought on board, lest it should be given to the captain and crew, and they should take too much and lose the vessel. I was the only European and the only woman on board. I had a very comfortable night lying on deck in the brisk breeze on the waveless sea, and though I watched the stars, hoping to see the Southern Cross set, I fell asleep, till I was awake at the very earliest dawn by a most formidable Oriental shouting to me very fiercely I thought, with a fierce face; but it occurred to me that he was trying to make me understand that they wanted to wash decks, so I lifted my mattress on a bench and fell asleep again, waking to find the anchor being let go in the Malacca roads six hours before we should have arrived.

I was greatly interested with the first view of Malacca, one of the oldest European towns in the East, originally Portuguese, then Dutch, and now, though under English rule, mainly Chinese. There is a long bay with dense forests of coco-palms, backed by forests of I know not what, then rolling hills, and to the right beyond these a mountain which I have since learned is Mount Ophir, rich in gold. Is this possibly, as many think, the Ophir of the Bible, and this land of gems and gold truly the "Golden Kheronese"? There were islets as green as green could be, lying to the south, and nearest to us a town of antiquated appearance, low houses, much colored, with flattish, red-tiled roofs, many of them built on piles, straggling for a long distance, and fringed by massive-looking bungalows, half buried in trees—a hill rising near the middle, crowned by a ruined cathedral, probably the oldest Christian church in the far East, with slopes of bright green grass below, timbered near their base with palms and trees of a nearly lemon-colored vividness of spring green, and glimpses of low, red roofs behind the hill. On either side of the old-world-looking town and its fringe of bungalows there were glimpses of steep reed roofs among the coco-palms. A long, deserted-looking jetty runs far out into the shallow sea, a few Chinese junks lay at anchor, in the distance a few Malay fishermen were watching their nets, but not a breath stirred, the sea was without a ripple, the grey clouds moved not, the yellow plumes

of the palms were still, the sea, the sky, the town looked all alike asleep in a still, moist, balmy heat.

Presently we were surrounded by a crowd of Malay boats with rude sails made of reeds, but their crews might have been phantoms for any noise they made. By one of these I sent my card and note of introduction to the lieutenant-governor. An hour afterwards the captain told me that the governor usually went into the country early on Monday morning for two days, which seemed unfortunate. Soon after the captain and engineer went ashore, and I was left among a crowd of Chinamen and Malays, without any possibility of being understood by any of them, to endure stifling heat and provoking uncertainty, much aggravated by the want of food, for another three hours. At last, when very nearly famished, and when my doubts as to the wisdom of this novel and impromptu expedition had become very serious indeed, a European boat appeared, moving with the long, steady stroke of a man-of-war's boat, rowed by six native policemen, with a frank-looking bearded countryman steering, and two peons in white, with scarlet-and-gold hats and sashes, in the bow; and as it swept up to the "Rainbow's" side the man in white stepped on board, and introduced himself to me as Mr. Biggs, the colonial chaplain, deputed to receive me on behalf of the governor, who was just leaving when my card arrived. He relieved all anxiety as to my destination by saying that quarters were ready for me in the Stadt-haus.

We were soon on a lovely shore under the cathedral-crowned hill, where the velvety turf slopes down to the sea under palms and trees whose trunks are one mass of ferns, brightened by that wonderful flowering tree variously known as the "flamboyant" and "the flame of the forest" (*Ponciana regia*). Very still, hot, tropical, sleepy, and dreamy, Malacca looks, a town "out of the running," utterly antiquated, mainly un-English, a veritable Sleepy Hollow.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE reader, even if not already weary of these extracts from my letters, will doubtless be glad to escape a multiplicity of details, therefore I proceed by giving the features of Malacca mainly in outline. Having written this sentence, I am compelled to say that the feature of Malacca is that it is featureless! It is a land where it is "always afternoon," hot, still, dreamy. Existence stagnates. Trade

pursues its operations invisibly. Commerce hovers far off on the shallow sea. The British and French mail steamers give the port a wide offering. It has no politics, little crime, rarely gets even two lines in an English newspaper, and does nothing towards making contemporary history. The lieutenant-governor, Captain Shaw, has occupied the same post for eleven years. A company of soldiers vegetates in quarters in a yet sleepier region than the town itself. Two Chinese steamers make it a port of call, but except that they bring mails, their comings and goings are of no interest to the very small English part of the population. Lying basking in the sun, or crawling at the heads of crawling oxen—very like hairless buffalo—or leaning over the bridge looking at nothing, the Malays spend their time when they come into the town, their very movements making the lack of movement more perceptible.

The descendants of the Portuguese, who kept up a splendid pomp of rule in the days of Francis Xavier, seem to take an endless siesta behind their closely covered windows. I have never seen an Englishman out of doors except Mr. Hayward, the active superintendent of military police, or Mr. Biggs, who preserves his health and energies by systematic constitutionals. Portuguese and Dutch rule have passed away, leaving, as their chief monuments—the first, a ruined cathedral, and a race of half-breds; and the last, the Stadt-haus and a flat-faced meeting-house. A heavy shower, like a "thunder-plump," takes up a part of the afternoon, after which the governor's carriage, with servants in scarlet liveries, rolls slowly out of Malacca, and through the sago-palms and back again. If aught else which is European breaks the monotony of the day, I am not aware of it. The streets have no particular features, though one cannot but be aware that a narrow stream full of boats, and spanned by a handsome bridge, divides the town into two portions, and that a handsome clock-tower (both tower and bridge erected by some wealthy Chinese merchants) is a salient object below the Stadt-haus. Trees, trailers, fruits, smother the houses, and blossom and fruit all the year round; old leaves, young leaves, buds, blossom and fruit, all appearing at once. The mercury rarely falls below 79° or rises above 84°. The softest and least perceptible of land and sea breezes blow alternately at stated hours. The nights are very still. The days are a tepid dream. Since I arrived



not a leaf has stirred, not a bird has sung, the tides ebb and flow in listless and soundless ripples. Far off, on the shallow sea, phantom ships hover and are gone, and on an indefinite horizon a blurred ocean blends with a blurred sky. On Mount Ophir heavy cloud-masses lie always motionless. The still, heavy, fragrant nights pass with no other sounds than the aggressive hum of mosquitos and the challenge of the sentry. But through the stormy days and the heavy nights nature is always busy in producing a rapidity and profusion of growth which would turn Malacca into a jungle were it not for axe and billhook, but her work does not jar upon the general silence. Yet with all this indefiniteness, dreaminess, featurelessness, indolence, and silence, of which I have attempted to convey an idea, Malacca is very fascinating, and no city in the world, except Canton, will leave so vivid an impression upon me, though it may be but of a fragrant tropic dream and nothing more.

The government bungalow being scarcely large enough for the governor's family, I am lodged in the old Dutch Stadt-haus, formerly the residence of the Dutch governor, and which has enough of solitude and faded stateliness to be fearsome, or at the least eerie, to a solitary guest like myself, to whose imagination in the long, dark nights creeping Malays or pilfering Chinamen are far more likely to present themselves than the stiff beauties and formal splendors of the heyday of Dutch ascendancy. This Stadt-haus, which stands on the slope of the hill, and is the most prominent building in Malacca, is now used as the treasury, post-office, and government offices generally. There are large state reception-rooms, including a ball-room, and suites of apartments for the use of the governor of the Straits Settlements, the chief justice, and other high officials, on their visits to Malacca. The Stadt-haus, at its upper end on the hill, is only one story high, but where it abuts on the town it is three and even four. The upper part is built round three sides of a Dutch garden, and a gallery under the tiled verandah runs all round. A set of handsome staircases on the sea side leads to the lawn-like hill with the old cathedral, and the bungalows of the governor and colonial chaplain. Stephanotis, passiflora, tuberose, alamanda, Bougainvillea, and other trailers of gorgeous colors, climb over everything, and make the night heavy with their odors. There must be more than forty rooms in this old

place, besides great arched corridors and all manner of queer staircases and corners. Dutch tiling and Dutch angularities and conceits of all kinds abound.

My room opens on one side upon a handsome set of staircases under the verandah, and on the others upon a passage and staircase with several rooms with doors of communication, and has various windows opening on the external galleries. Like most European houses in the peninsula, it has a staircase which leads from the bedroom to a somewhat grim, brick-floored room below, containing a large, high tub, or bath, of Shanghai pottery, in which you must by no means bathe, as it is found by experience that to take the capacious dipper and pour water upon yourself from a height, gives a far more refreshing shock than immersion when the water is at eighty degrees and the air at eighty-three degrees.

The worst of my stately habitation is, that after four in the afternoon there is no one in it but myself, unless a Chinese coolie, who appears in my room at all sorts of unusual hours, after I think I have bolted and barred every means of ingress, has a lair somewhere. However, two Malay military policemen patrol the verandahs outside at intervals all night, and I have the comfort of imagining that I hear, far below, the clank of the British sentries who guard the treasury. In the early morning my eyes always open on the governor's handsome Mohammedan servant in spotless white muslin and red headdress and girdle, bringing a tray with tea and bananas. The Chinese coolie who appears mysteriously attends on me, and acts as housemaid, our communications being entirely by signs. The mosquitos are awful. The view of the green lawns, the sleeping sea, the motionless forest of coco-palms along the shore, the narrow stream and bridge, and the quaint red-tiled roofs of the town, is very charming and harmonious, yet I often think, if these dreamy days went on into months, that I should welcome an earthquake shock, or tornado, or jarring discord of some rousing kind, to break the dream produced by the heated, steamy, fragrant air, and the monotonous silence.

The government bungalow, in which I spend most of my time, is a comfortable little cottage, with verandahs larger than itself. Captain Shaw, the lieutenant-governor for eleven years, is a frank, cheery, gentle, brave, cultured naval officer. He can be firm and prompt when occasion requires firmness, but his ordinary rule is

of the gentlest and most paternal description, so that from the Chinese he has won the name of "Father," and among the Malays, the native population, English rule, as administered by him, has come to be known as "the rule of the just." The family, consisting of the governor, his wife, and two daughters just grown up, is a very charming one, and their quiet, peaceful life gives me the opportunity which so rarely falls to the lot of a traveller of becoming really intimate with them. In the deep verandah, festooned with trailers and orchids, two Malay military policemen are always on guard, and two scornful-looking Bengalees in white trousers, white short robes, with sashes of crimson silk striped with gold, and crimson-and-gold flat hats above their handsome but repellent faces, make up the visible part of the establishment. One of these Bengalees has been twice to Mecca, at an expense of £40 on each visit, and on Fridays appears in a rich Hadji suit, in which he goes through the town, and those Mussulmen who are not Hadji bow down to him. I saw from the very first that my project of visiting the native States was not smiled upon at Government House.

Mrs. Biggs took me my first drive through the town and three miles of its environs, which added to the fascination which Malacca had for me from the hour of my landing. The road crosses the bridge over the narrow stream, which is, in fact, the roadway of a colored and highly picturesque street, and at once enters the main street of Malacca, which is parallel to the sea. On the sea side each house consists of three or four divisions, one behind the other, each roof being covered with red tiles. The rear-most division is usually built over the sea, on piles. In the middle of each of the tiers or three front divisions there is a courtyard. The room through which you enter from the street always has an open door, through which you see houses showing a high degree of material civilization, lofty rooms, handsome altars opposite the doors, massive carved ebony tables, and carved ebony chairs with marble seats and backs standing against the walls, hanging pictures of the kind called in Japan *kakemono*, and rich bronzes and fine pieces of porcelain on ebony brackets. At night, when these rooms are lighted up with eight or ten massive lamps, the appearance is splendid. These are the houses of Chinese merchants of the middle class.

And now I must divulge the singular fact that Malacca is to most intents and purposes a Chinese city. The Dutch, as I wrote, have scarcely left a trace. The Portuguese, indolent, for the most part poor, and lowered by native marriages, are without influence, a most truly stagnant population, hardly to be taken into account. Their poor-looking houses resemble those of Lisbon. The English, except in so far as relates to the administration of government, are nowhere, though it is under our equitable rule that the queerly mixed population of Chinese, Portuguese, half-breeds, Malays, Confucianists, Buddhists, Taoists, Romanists, and Mohammedans, "enjoy great quietness." Of the population of Malacca over a half may be Chinese, and still their crowded junks are rolling down on the north-east monsoon. As I remarked before, the coasting trade of the Straits of Malacca is in their hands, and to such an extent have they absorbed the trade of this colony, that I am told there is not a resident British merchant in Malacca. And it is not, as elsewhere, that they come, make money, and then return to settle in China, but they come here with their wives and families, buy or build these handsome houses as well as large bungalows in the neighboring coco groves, own most of the plantations up the country, and have obtained the finest site on the hill behind the town for their stately tombs. Every afternoon their carriages roll out into the country conveying them to their substantial bungalows to smoke and gamble. They have fabulous riches in diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. They love Malacca and take a pride in beautifying it. They have fashioned their dwellings upon the model of those in Canton, but whereas cogent reasons compel the rich Chinaman at home to conceal the evidences of his wealth, he glories in displaying it under the security of British rule. The upper class of the Chinese merchants live in immense houses within walled gardens. The wives of all are secluded, and inhabit the back regions and have no share in the remarkably "good time" which the men seem to have.

Along with their industrious habits and their character for fair trading, the Chinese have brought to Malacca gambling and opium-smoking. In the Straits Settlements the consumption of opium is one-seventh of the whole export to China, and the government makes a large revenue from it. The Chinaman who "farms" the opium — *i.e.*, who purchases from the

government the exclusive right to sell it — pays for his monopoly about £260 per day. It must be remembered, however, that every man who smokes opium is not what we understand by an "opium-smoker," and that between the man who takes his daily pipe of opium after his supper, and the unhappy opium-slave who reduces himself to imbecility in such dens as I saw in Canton, there is just as much difference as there is in England between the "moderate drinker" and the "habitual drunkard." Slavery is prohibited in Malacca, and slaves from the neighboring State fly for freedom to the shelter of the British flag; but there is reason to suppose that the numerous women in the households of the Chinese merchants, though called servants, are persons who have been purchased in China and are actually held in bondage. Apart from these exceptions the Chinese population is a valuable one, and is in its upper classes singularly public-spirited, law-abiding, and strongly attached to British rule. I saw no shops except those for the sale of fish, fruit, and coarse native pottery, but doubtless most things which are suited to the wants of the mixed population can be had in the bazaars.

As we drove out of the town, the houses became fewer and the trees denser, with mosques here and there among them, and in a few minutes we were in the great dark forest of coco, betel, and sago palms, awfully solemn and oppressive in the hot stillness of the evening. Every sight was new, for though I have seen the cocopalms before, the palm-fringes of the coral islands, with their feathery plumes, have little kinship with the dark, crowded coco forests of Malacca, with their endless vistas and mysterious gloom. These forests are intersected by narrow, muddy streams, suggestive of alligators, up which you can go in canoes if you lie down, and are content with the yet darker shade produced by the *nibong*, a species of stemless palm, of which the poorer natives make their houses, and whose magnificent fronds are often from twenty to twenty-two feet in length. The soft carriage road passes through an avenue of trees of great girth and a huge spread of foliage, bearing glorious yellow blossoms of delicious fragrance. Jungles of sugar-cane often form the foreground of dense masses of palms, then a jungle of pineapples surprises one, then a mass of lianas,

knotted and tangled, with stems like great cables and red blossoms as large as breakfast cups. The huge trees which border the road have their stems and branches nearly hidden by orchids — chiefly that lovely and delicate one whose likeness to a hovering dove won for it the name of the "flower of the Holy Ghost," which lives but for a day, but in its brief life fills the air with fragrance. Then the trees change, the long tresses of an autumn-flowering orchid fall from their branches over the road; dead trees appear transformed into living beauty by multitudes of ferns, among which the dark-green shining fronds of the *Asplenium nidus*, measuring four feet in length, specially delight the eye; huge tamarinds and mimosa add the grace of their feathery foliage; the banana unfolds its gigantic fronds above its golden fruitage; clumps of the betel or areca palms, with their slender and absolutely straight shafts, make the coco-palms look like clumsy giants; the gutta-percha, india-rubber, and other varieties of ficus, increase the forest gloom by the brown, velvety undersides of their shining, dark-green leafage; then comes the cashew-nut tree, with its immense spread of branches, and its fruit an apple with a nut below; and the beautiful breadfruit, with its green "cantalupe melons," nearly ripe; and the gigantic jak and durian, and fifty others, children of tropic heat and moisture, in all the promise of perpetual spring, and the fulfilment of endless summer, the beauty of blossom and the bounteousness of an unfailing fruitage crowning them through all the year. At their feet is a tangle of fungi, mosses, ferns, trailers, lilies, nibongs, reeds, canes, rattans, a dense and lavish undergrowth, in which reptiles, large and small, riot most congenially, and in which broods of mosquitos are hourly hatched, to the misery of man and beast.

Occasionally a small and comparatively cleared spot appears, with a crowded cluster of graves, with a pawn-shaped stone at the head of each, and the beautiful frangipani, the "temple flower" of Sihalense Buddhism, but the "grave flower" of Malay Mohammedanism, sheds its ethereal fragrance among the tombs. The dead lie lonely in the forest shade, under the feathery palm-fronds, but the living are not far to seek.

From The Leisure Hour.

## GERTRUDE.

YESTERDAY there was a dense autumn fog all day; one of those penetrating, clinging fogs which chill and depress one, and make one almost disbelieve that such things as summer and sunshine have ever existed. I was all alone in the old Manor House, and I wandered through the grey, dismantled rooms where the ghostly furniture is shrouded in sheets and huddled together in the corners, leaving a solemn space of bare boards in the centre. I recognized an old workbox of mine on one of the tables, and I began to sort and arrange the odds and ends I found in it. There was a wrinkled Tonkin bean, an agate thimble, an emery cushion in the shape of an acorn, and a faded pink silk needle-book. As I opened the needle-book, a letter dropped from it and fell to the ground. I picked it up, and suddenly, as I looked at it through the grey shadows and the dimness of the autumn day, there rose up before me the vision of a sweet, rosy face, fresh as a bunch of lilacs wet with April dew, and with the sunshine of careless happiness smiling out of the bright eyes. This was the letter. I place it before you in its entirety as far as print can render it. The straggling handwriting, the horrid smudges, the crumpled folds cannot be expressed in words:—

"Wensday.

"Dearest Anne,— I am quite alone at home, because Papa and Mama are gone to Southampton. Do come and help me to Keep house. I am reading Political Economy (*I think she meant Political Economy*) and it is so interesting. Do come.

Your loving

GERTRUDE.

"P.S. I will come and call for you in the carriage."

I counted up the blots. They were three in number, and the whole letter was smudged. Evidently no attempt whatever at blotting it had been made. It had been crumpled up, wet as it was, and poked into the first envelope that came to hand, which happened in this instance to be a large, official-looking blue envelope lined with linen. And now we come to the most shocking part of the whole affair—there was a dab of black sealing-wax on the cover, which had undoubtedly been sealed with the human thumb.

This little old letter brought back a long chain of memories to my mind. I remembered that I had received that dis-

graceful note, many years ago, on a fine spring morning; and that I had scarcely had time to glance at it before I heard the crunch of carriage wheels on the gravel—a noise as of a very fairly heavy young person jumping out—a furious peal at the bell, and then the scudding sound of two feet and a quantity of drapery hurrying up the passage. My sitting-room door flew open, and Miss Gertrude herself rushed in.

This student of political economy was dressed most untidily in a tumbled green cotton gown, with a brown hat hanging at the back of her head, and an ugly old grey shawl bundled up round her pretty throat, fastened all askew with a diamond brooch. Her white silk neckerchief had slipped round to the back of her neck, her black kid gloves were a mere wreck, and her nose was poking through a hole in her net veil.

She whirled me away with her in her little carriage. I can distinctly recall a feeling of uneasiness as we dashed past carts and wagons; and once, when for no apparent reason we bumped over twenty successive mud-heaps at the side of a wide, smooth road, I ventured to expostulate gently, my driver was so busy repeating to me a remarkable passage in "Sordello" that she paid no heed either to my suggestions or to the jolting of the carriage. Overhead the sky was of a pure, soft blue, with little fleecy clouds floating about in it; the broad meadows by the river were yellow with buttercups, and the trees were covered with the first fresh green of tender young leaves. The air was full of spring scents—the smell of the blossoming hedgerows, of the moist earth, of the sticky spikes of horse-chestnut flowers shining out of the dark foliage like Christmas candles, and of the lilacs and monthly roses in the cottage gardens. In the cool depths of the hazel copses the nightingale was singing as though his heart would break for joy; and in the spaces where the wood had been cleared the ground was blue and purple and yellow with hyacinths and orchids and poisonous spurge. Over the downs the swift shadows were chasing the sunlight, and a gentle caressing wind was blowing across the wide sweep of grass. By my side Gertrude was recklessly letting the reins float on the horse's back, repeating poetry in her fresh, enthusiastic young voice, mispronouncing most of the long words, bounding fearlessly over others, and emphasizing the lines at her own sweet will.

When we reached our destination,

luncheon was already awaiting us. Gertrude sat down at the head of the table with an air of conscious majesty, and exerted herself for my benefit as an accomplished hostess. She offered me potatoes with my tart, and filled up my glass of claret with a liberal supply of port. I might, perhaps, also add that she constantly thanked herself effusively when she helped herself to any dish. For absence of mind was one of this young woman's most charming faults.

I myself, after the fashion of irresponsible people, thought her failings each more adorable than the other, but I know they nearly drove her governesses wild. Many were the stories told against her by a set of cousins who sometimes laughed at her, but were always more or less in love with her; stories of how she was in the habit of replenishing the coffee-pot with hot water under the mistaken impression that coffee was made on the same principle as tea; how she constantly used the word "decomposed" when she meant discomposed; and how, finally, she began a letter to a dean by the words: "Very dear dean," because, as she remarked, she knew one ought to use "very" in writing to a dean; it was, so to speak, his distinguishing title.

After luncheon Gertrude took me up into her own little sitting-room, which showed great signs of literary and artistic activity. There were Browning's poems in one little bookshelf, besides a volume or two of Carlyle, and some slim manuals in a drab-colored binding, which, as she explained to me, were interesting books on political economy. There were also numerous works of art. A great deal of "messing" went on in that room under the name of oil-painting. There were three large panels, one with a bloated lily and a bower of vivid roses in process of painting; and the other two with a neat design of fuchsias, crimson passion-flowers, and purple petunias, growing out of some very wiry grass. I need not say that the time I speak of was long before the reign of high art.

There was also a tiresome little table adorned by a wreath of primroses and violets, which, it appeared, had been considered quite finished, and had, in the first flush of success, been carried down into the drawing-room as an elegant addition to the furniture. Subsequently it was discovered that this work of art had an awkward habit of becoming sticky in hot weather, and upon one occasion had actually adhered to a lady's elbow; and

this unpleasant characteristic had necessitated its retirement from public life, for a season at least.

"I think," said Gertrude reflectively, looking at it with her head on one side, and with one finger in her mouth—"I think it might go back to the drawing-room directly the cooler weather begins; it will do very nicely for a winter table."

On the following morning, after breakfast, Gertrude proceeded to read family prayers. She read in a loud, high-pitched voice, that rose and fell at unexpected moments, but yet was sweet despite itself. The household, chiefly composed of old servants, was well accustomed to Gertrude's peculiarities; but even some of the oldest members looked a little disturbed when she persistently pronounced Baruch "Barouche." Her cousins ill-naturedly asserted that she frequently used either the prayer for fine weather, or that appointed to be used in the time of war and tumults, to conclude this little morning service; but I feel myself bound to do her the justice of adding, that on the present occasion she contented herself with the collect for Christmas-day.

This was the last visit that I paid to Gertrude for some time. In the spring she and her parents went to London for the season, and I only heard vague rumors of the balls she was dancing at, and of the conquests she was making. But when she returned to the country at the end of the summer I found her very little changed. Perhaps she had lost some of her former sweet girlish ungainliness, but she was as fresh and simple as ever. She had certainly acquired a decided taste for flirting, and preferred flirting with ten people at once to any quieter form of that fascinating amusement. I do not think she broke many hearts; she was too honest to play with a real affection; but that winter, when she married, several young gentlemen wore an air of deep depression; and one even went so far as to lose his appetite and his sleep, and went about looking like a lost dog. She had been his first love, and in those days he thought she would be his last. There was something very piteous in the young man's despair—which was quite real at the moment—and in his forlorn belief that at one-and-twenty he had lost everything that made life worth having.

Gertrude had been married about three months when she begged me to spend a few days with her in London. She had adopted certain dignified married airs, and gave me a great deal of advice in a



tone of patronage, totally ignoring the ten years that separated my age from hers.

"If at any time, my dear," she said, with a majestic wave of her hand—the left hand, where the broad wedding-ring was very much to the front—"if at any time I can be of use in chaperoning you anywhere, pray let me know."

And so one night we went together to a drum, my pretty Gertrude dressed in every color of the rainbow, with diamonds sparkling in her wavy hair and shining around her soft, round throat. As we alighted from our carriage, the prince and princess in whose honor the party had been given happened to arrive almost at the same moment, and we stood aside on the steps to let them pass. As usual, there was a large crowd of people waiting to see the ladies enter the house. A poor woman just behind us was vainly endeavoring to lift up her child, a little cripple, so that he might see the princess, but each time that she pressed forward a policeman pushed her back. The child broke out into a reproachful wail: "Oh, I can't see her! I can't see her! You promised I should see her, mammy!"

Quick as lightning, Gertrude turned round. "Give me your little boy," she said, taking the astonished child into her arms; "I will hold him up; he will have a much better view here."

She waved aside the bewildered policeman with a queenly gesture. The little cripple put both his tiny, wasted arms trustfully round her neck and leant eagerly forward to see all that was to be seen; and when the sight was over, and Gertrude gently disentangled herself from his poor little hands to give him back to his mother, the child put his pale lips to her soft, rosy cheek and kissed her. "Pretty lady! pretty lady!" he said admiringly.

His mother broke out into a torrent of thanks and apologies, which Gertrude did not stay to hear, but gathered up her brilliant train and passed into the house.

I did not wonder that poor people dearly loved her. She used to listen to all their troubles with the sympathizing tears shining in her dreamy brown eyes, never doubting or questioning the truth of their stories. Her hand was always open. Several sensible people blamed her indiscriminate charity, and said that she did a great deal more harm than good. But it was a waste of words to preach to Gertrude on this matter; she gave because she could not help it.

Once a month she used to visit the large, dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town near her new country home. She dressed herself carefully in her best clothes and wore all her brightest jewels. "For," she said simply, "poor people care much more to see one in one's best things than rich people do. I wonder why everybody generally puts on their common, dull, old clothes when they visit cottages."

To do Gertrude justice, no one could call her commonest dress dull. Sober browns and quiet greys were unknown in her wardrobe. She wore as gay a plumage as any West Indian bird—yellow and green, pink and purple, with a vivid flash of blue or red. She would put a diamond brooch in her hat, she would fasten up the tail of her gown with some glittering shawl-pin, and would wear gold chains, like an alderman, round her throat, and a broad silver belt at her waist. It was a pretty sight, in the starved winter weather, to see her walk into the dingy wards where the garrulous old persons had drawn their chairs away from the drab-colored walls, and were sitting round the niggardly stove, holding out their withered hands to the warmth. She seemed to bring with her a light and life which brightened up the whole room as if by magic. She had a kind word or a pretty smile for every one, and when some inquisitive old body, with her foolishly cunning head on one side like a magpie, would stretch out tentatively a lean arm to feel the lady's soft dress, Gertrude would put aside the deprecating mistress and would patiently wait until the whole circle had fingered the gay gown, feeling all the while as well pleased as any child could be to see how much her fine clothes were admired.

I laid down the old letter with a sigh, and the pretty vision vanished from my sight. Alas! Gertrude has long ago faded out of my life, together with youth and sunshine, and many pleasant things.

Where are the songs of spring?

asks Keats in his "Ode to Autumn." Ah! the songs of spring, as we know to our cost, have all passed out of hearing, and no regrets or yearnings can ever bring them back. But yet when I am sick or sorry, or when I lie awake at night, and dull hours hang heavy on my hands, I look back through the mists of busy years, and see once more my pretty

Gertrude, dressed in all her bravery, with her kind hands outstretched to meet me, and with the sweet smile in her brown eyes.

ANNE FELLOWES.

From The Month.  
THE TALE OF A PUPPY.  
FOR BOYS.

HE was a poor little pitiful foundling, and so it came about.

One cold and drenching night last January the path of a policeman on his beat was crossed by what he at first imagined was a dazed, half-drowned rat. The object in question, however, behaved in a not altogether rat-like fashion, and appeared to entertain a wish to prosecute the chance acquaintance which had so happily come about. Undoubtedly the little wretch was at its wit's end: an hour or two more of that cruel night and there would have been no more friends for him. The policeman stooped down and picked up the creature, whose component parts seemed to be equally of mud and hair, only that two bright, beady eyes shone out from the tangled lump; and, after some inspection, having decided that he had to deal with a puppy and not with a rat, bore him away to the Dog's Home at Battersea, where three days later I found him, and selected him as my future friend and companion out of some two or three hundred others.

The gentleman who was in authority at the Home assured me with many solemn protestations that in this pup I had the pick of the place; that in the long course of his professional experience he recollected no other such pup, and that though he pretended no greater insight into the future than other men, he never expected to look upon his like again; that he had been expecting all the morning, and was in fact expecting at that moment, five distinct and separate gentlemen, colonels in the Guards, if I remember right, each and all of whom had declared their ability and willingness to pay down any sum from five to twenty pounds, for the possession of such a pup as I had now before me, if only such could be found. In consequence, however, of the very great interest and understanding which he had perceived in me with regard to dogs, as the result, further, of a desperate, and, as he allowed, somewhat unaccountable liking which he had conceived for my carriage and general appearance,

he was ready to take seven and sixpence down (*and a pot of beer*) for him on the spot as he stood. This offer he urged upon me through no foolish recklessness of my own to cast aside; those were his feelings at that moment, five minutes later who knew? He couldn't answer for himself, but he surmised that ten times the money wouldn't do it. This coming home to me very seriously, I closed with him at once, and the pup became mine. To speak soberly he was a very quaint and curious pup, and there was a finish about him which gave one scant idea of puppyhood. A courtesy title had been conferred upon him, that of "Yorkshire Terrier," but his ancestors had evidently all the haziness that bespeaks greatness, and I incline to think that he was possibly the first of his race, as he was undoubtedly the last. I never remember to have seen any creature, let alone a dog, of his exact hue of color. His fur, which was thick and curly, was of that shade which is precisely known to artists as "Payne's grey," and shaded to jet black at the tips. He had the brightness and agility of a little fancy monkey, which in some aspects he might almost have been taken for, but his face was a beautiful little tender dog's face, with a peculiarly pleading and thoughtful look in the eyes that was quite super-canine.

The colonels never turned up, and I got away safe with my bargain, though a young gentleman who had gone thither on the same errand as mine, fruitlessly, and with whom I travelled back into civilization, expressed his ideas pretty strongly as to the "infernal luck" which had taken me there five minutes before him. I carried the dog home, and he became my one companion and the light of my life, for at the time I was living alone, thoughtful and somewhat brooding, as is a solitary man. He was so small that I used to toss him with the rest of the rubbish into the waste-paper basket, under the table, or sometimes upon it. This became his place, and thence he was accustomed to watch me out of one eye by the hour together with a generous approval, and of occasion awoke a latent inspiration when it was required. At times, however, so thick and fast rained the torn papers that he got lost in the depth of the basket as in a pit, and there he lay buried for long spaces together, which affected him naught, so large was his philosophy. Too small to extricate himself had he wished, if he were forgotten, as by hap it came sometimes, he would chew up a prospec-

tus in silent protest that it was time for better things. I had but one fault to find with him—he made a god of his belly, such a little god as it was, too! But this excuse he had—the pitiless streets had taught him to cast about and devour all that came within his reach.

Time went on and presently, when my wife returned, it was resolved that he was old enough to “come out.” His success in society was extraordinary. Ah me! how the ladies petted him, and what pretty things they said, enough to have turned the head of any puppy. But he never changed or grew spoiled or pampered, and his simple little way went straight to everybody’s heart. The single point of worldliness which I recall was his love of driving in the Park. Whereas he snoozed under the rug when shopping was going on, through the dull routine of calls, or as we traversed the wilds of Pimlico, the moment we approached the Park he would, while pretending he had not noticed it, sniggle up and take his place upon the seat, where he would sit sniffing the air, full of severe if silent criticism. This weakness we observed with anxiety, and it was thought well to remind him of his position and origin, a remark to the effect that he had cost but seven and sixpence when he was new, and that now he was half worn out, being frequently used, but without perceivable effect.

It was not thought desirable to “make a fool of him” by teaching him tricks, the less so as he had a thousand of his own, but one artifice he did acquire. His dinner was placed for security upon a shelf, against which leaned the garden step-ladder. Up this, on discerning it, he would rush at fifty miles an hour, and when pulled down—often, as must be confessed, by the tail—he would still strive madly towards it, never looking to the hand which held him back, until released, when he would in an instant regain his position in the plate upon the top. It must be noted that he always stood in the plate to eat his dinner, so as to have it all round him, and be the more sure of it. Personally I greatly approved his device, and think myself the centre of a dinner-table to be a most natural and excellent place to eat from.

For any slight misbehavior on his part—and, to tell the truth, the fault had usually to be invented—he was accustomed to be “sent to pot.” This was effected by putting him into a big China jar, too large for him to overturn, and

shutting thereupon the lid. Here he stayed always, making no sound until the lid was removed, when like a Jack in the box he sprang up at once, and so remained fixed until he was lifted out. Imagine the picture; the little, bright-eyed, blue-black beast looking out of the old delft jar as it stood in the corner against the bronzed wainscot of stamped leather, the carved fireplace, and the crimson wall.

Too soon came the break-up of these halcyon days. It was noticed that he did not appear at ease in his basket, and a horrid suspicion arose that he was growing out of rat-hood, and would soon be too big for it, but it was worse than this.

A time came when he could not rest quiet anywhere or in any position. He began to utter little piteous cries, and the mud-gods brought it about on a Saturday night, of course, as being the only time when no help would be procurable for many hours, that we discovered that he had severe internal inflammation.

All the night long his low moans never ceased, and all the next day it was the same. With every breath the poor little frame was wracked with a convulsion, and I sat many hours holding him tight in my hands, trying by mechanical means to allay the cramps, or applying hot fomentations to the almost lifeless form. Once, seeing him apparently stiffening for death, I was able to revive him with a drop of milk on my finger; he brightened up, and presently drank some eagerly. After that he said he felt decidedly better. He sat up and opened one eye with caution, incautiously gave a quarter of a shake, and promptly tumbled overboard from weakness. However, he was not a dog to be beat, and at length, spreading his four legs wide apart for security’s sake, he achieved a standing position, and had a go at another shake, as much as to say: “Look here, I mean to shake this thing off, you know.” Then, being of opinion, no doubt, that this is an age of progress, he determined to take a stroll in the garden, an attempt that was followed by immediate collapse, and the very plain expression of the idea, “What a fool I was ever to leave my basket!” But the stairs were handy, and he must needs try them. He reached the third, where he sat down and appealed to me. “Look here, you know, you’re a bigger chap than me. It’s a jolly long way up; don’t you think, stranger, that you might lend a hand?” Poor little sick dog!

The attack in no way subsided, but, on the contrary, grew worse towards evening,

and his cries were incessant. We tried laudanum and every remedy in our power, but without effect. Friends who were called in chirpily expressed their opinion that he should be poisoned at once, but that was not ours; though, when I laid him in his basket that night, still feebly crying, still racked with torture at every breath, I felt assured that he must die in the night. Not so. There were three stories between us, but all the long hours the faint cries of pain rang in our ears, and with the first light I went down to him. It was incredible to me, and dreadful, to see the dog alive; he was alive indeed, but had lost all semblance of himself. His pretty hair was clotted into a tangled mat, his body, with every bone protruding, stiffened into an arch, his head bowed upon his forelegs, his eyes quite sunk and gone so that he was blind. And that horrible breathing, of which every inspiration was a cramp, still went on; he was almost lifeless, and no longer recognized even his master. I tried to set him on his legs; he staggered three or four steps under the kitchen fire and fell into the ashes. I took him up and held some milk before him, but his head fell into the cup—he was unable to lap it. Thank God, however, it was Monday morning, and near eight o'clock. Wrapping him in a blanket, I sent him across the Park to the nearest "Vet.," and as soon as I could followed myself. Many hours the feeble life hung in the balance. It happened to be a busy day for me, but wherever I went, in the earth and in the sky, and in the faces of those I met, I saw nothing but the little writhing, tortured form, and I staggered on my way like a man half drunk. It was to be kill or cure, none knew which, and none dared to express a hope, but at twelve o'clock that night, the man in charge of the infirmary going in, found the dog sitting up and winking at a convalescent puppy in the next cage, and with a very evident intention as to still greater improprieties in the future.

To make a long story short, the dog was cured. He came back to us just as he was of old, and his bright companionship made home again what it had been. He had all his old tricks and a few new ones, which he had probably learnt from the not very select company he had been forced to keep, and his long hair had become so irretrievably matted that there was nothing for it but the barber. But alas! the days of riotous and reckless merriment that followed his recovery were

short-lived. The gods had set their heart upon him. A few weeks later a malignant distemper declared itself. It was pitilessly drawn out, and at length broke even *his* spirit. It seemed as if he never would mend; his life for two months was nothing but suffering, and not a little work to the household was implied by it. So weak had he become that it was necessary to feed him even as much as four times in the night, and the thought would occur, is it wise or even right to spend all this trouble on a dog? However, the turn came at last. With the first summer days he gradually brightened, and we knew he was better, for he began to show manifest gratitude for any small kindness that was done him. He began to cock his ears again at the approach of a friend or the presence of an enemy, and he was able to resume his morning stroll in the Park. We had been so much together that we quite understood each other, and were accustomed to hold long conversations, so one morning I asked him if he would like to go out for a walk with me. "By all means," he said, with evident delight, but when we came to the doorway it was apparent it had been raining. He stood upon the step with one paw raised and looked at me.

"What do you want to take me out on a morning like this for?"

"Why, my dog, because there is nothing like fresh air, and you have been shut up for a long time."

"I feel very funny and staggered, and I don't think Monday's a good day for going out."

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, dear dog; remember that through life. Come along." And he came.

But he lagged and trotted unsteadily, and at the first crossing was so dazed by the noise that with difficulty I got him over. There was but one more, and noting a space free from carriages. I went over, but my dog was again lagging, and stopped upon the kerb. Then he stepped slowly into the street. A hansom was dashing down from the neighboring square. There was a cry, and a momentary stoppage. I saw him escape the hoofs, and look up with a wonderfully human expression of surprise, but the instant after he was caught by the wheel and dashed to the earth. It crossed his neck; in the tenth of a second all was over. The blood gushed from his mouth, and he lay motionless in the mud of the highway, without moan or sound.

A crowd of the rough street-farers not unkindly gathered round. "The dog is dead," they said, and in truth he seemed so, lying there without twitch or movement, and they lifted him gently to the pavement, where he lay quite stiff and still, his eye fixed and already glazing over. Then I kneeled down to him, and I called him, laying my hand upon his heart. I could detect no movement whatever. Suddenly I felt something against my sleeve, and I looked down. *His tail was flicking against my arm.* Five, six times, perhaps, it rose and fell quietly, as if he were on his mat half asleep, and then it moved no more. He was quite dead.

What divine spark, what heaven-born instinct of gratitude and recognition was this, that shone from the mangled form of my poor dog, as he lay crushed in the mud of the gutter? On the awful threshold, in the grip of death, dumb but eloquent, once again he surely spoke.

"Master, we two were thrown together a little while in this rough world. You took me and were good to me. You fed me and gave me to drink, and you nursed me when I was sick. Following in your footsteps I was struck down. *I die happy.*"

THAT MASTER  
RAISES THIS FRAIL MEMORIAL  
TO THE FRAIL MEMORY  
OF THE LITTLE FRIEND  
HE LOST  
JUNE 26th, 1882.  
EDMUND RANDOLPH, JUN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
AN ADVENTURE AT PETRA.

WE were a party of six bound for Petra; three ladies, two gentlemen, and a servant, known among our Arabs as Sit Ida, Sit Maryam, Sit Soffia, El Hawagis (*the traveller*) the head of the party, Hawagis Schwoyerer (*the younger traveller*), and Rousel. In Cairo we were told that some Americans had started for Petra *via* Akabah, the ordinary and direct route, but that no certain information could be had until we should reach Sinai. Arrived there, we could only learn that the Americans had not been heard of, and that as the Alawin (*the Akabah tribe*) were still at enmity with the Fellahin of Petra, we should probably have the pleasure of paying the Alawin without their being able to take us into the valley of our desires. Rather than run the risk of having to

retrace our steps and go the longer route after all, we made up our minds to a fortnight of unmitigated desert, and determined to go by Nakhil, Beersheba, and Hebron. Of this part of our journey suffice it to say that we had the usual experience of sandstorms and of Bedoween tongues. Night after night did the Bedoween distract us with their gossip round their thorn-fires, and their parliaments were even worse. At Sinai, and before Nakhil and Gaza, they were two and three nights in session, discussing the endless subject of "bakshish," and whether they should or should not go on with us to the next station. We were so well pleased with our camels and men that we begged to keep them instead of changing them as usual. Now not only was this "not the custom," not only did this infringe on the rights of the Teyahah tribe in general, and of the several sheiks at Sinai and Nakhil in particular, but as each camel engaged and disengaged had many owners, the subject had to be discussed by many, many tongues. Relations came to assist proprietors, and those who were neither relations nor proprietors came to assist for sympathy's sake. To the uninitiated these discussions sounded of so fierce and excited a character as to suggest at least a stand-up fight; and when we were longing for sleep after a hard day, and with the prospect of an early start, it was trying to hear the storm rising over a matter which had been discussed early and late, late and early for two and three days previously; all reopened because some new arrival had brought the weight of his interest, and the terrible weight of an additional tongue, to bear on the subject of perhaps *one camel!* However, we gained our day, as probably it was always intended that we should, and arrived at Hebron about the middle of April, well content with our escort; and experience proved how superior are the Arabs of the Towarah (Sinai district) to the others. My Bedawí had had never before left the Túr, and great was his astonishment and delight as we approached Gaza, and still more at the country between Gaza and Hebron. We were forced to make a *détour* by Gaza, as we learnt on the way that fighting was going on between certain tribes round Beersheba, and nothing would induce our Arabs to go on unless we would change our plans.

At Hebron we said good-bye to our friends of a month, and entered into treaty with Sheiks Hamzeh and Abbás of



the Jehalín, after one of those curious preludes without which apparently no business is transacted in the East. We were solemnly enjoined not to let it be supposed that we wished to go to Wady Mûsa (Petra), but to answer "El Khuds," Jerusalem (to which place we were eventually bound. I add this as a conscience clause!). "Then," explained our dragoman, "they will say — pray your masters to go to Wady Mûsa — and I can arrange on better terms." So this diplomacy was adopted; our dragoman expressed himself extremely doubtful as to our going to Petra, but promised to use his influence. He was successful; the sheiks were charmed, thanked Allah, and sent for their camels; but their position was that of Kish — the camels were on the hills and could not be found. We waited three days; and then, our time being limited, our Palestine horses and mules were sent for from Jerusalem, and on the 23rd of April our cavalcade set out from Hebron, consisting of ourselves, the dragoman, servants, muleteers, and camel-driver, two camels, three donkeys, eleven horses, and eleven mules, altogether sixteen souls and twenty-seven beasts, under the escort of the two Hebron sheiks, eleven Bedoween, and sheik Salim Abud-hook. Abbás was the real leader; his father insisted upon accompanying us, probably to secure his share in the bakshish, but he was rather a burden than a protector, being a cripple from gout and feeble from age. However, go old Hamzeh would, and, despite his illness and his hundred years, he did not fulfil our dragoman's prophecy, that "old Hamzeh and his horse will both die in one day, before we are in Wady Mûsa," but lived to return to Hebron, to be resplendent in Jerusalem in new clothes, and maybe will live to revisit Petra, should any travellers be found willing to go.

Our company was swelled by two countrymen with eight mules for sale in Eljî, the modern village in Wady Mûsa, who took advantage of our protection; the which beasts, known among ourselves as the wild mules, were always in the way. In the most critical part of a pass one or all would come bumping along and tumbling about, and increasing the general confusion. On the second day we were joined by a fine young sheik, with a head like Marcus Aurelius, and carrying a spear of imposing appearance. He announced himself as Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'id, said he had come from Kerak; reported himself as on the most friendly terms

with the Fellahin of Petra, and offered his company and services. Hamzeh, Abbás, and Salim believed in the new comer (or pretended to do so); our dragoman did entirely; and we therefore gladly closed with the offer, and El Hawagis promised to take Sulieman to Jerusalem, to rig him out in magnificent attire, and to speak for him and his tribe to the consuls, should he fulfil his word and befriend us in Petra, and bring us peaceably out. A very pleasant companion we found him, and no one was more willing to lend arms and legs in emergencies than was our new friend Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'id.

We so successfully impressed the sheiks with the idea that we wished to go the shortest way to Petra that, leaving the ordinary route, Abbás led us into the Arabah by a pass memorable for its difficulty and for the magnificence of its views. A sorry time it was for our horses and mules, and even the plucky little donkeys were occasionally nonplussed; but at last, by heads and tails, all were safely hauled over the worst places, and the camels were made to pay for the superiority of their spongy feet, and were sent up again for the canteens and some bedding, which, with the medicine-chest, had been deposited on a rock by a poor mule as he tumbled over; fortunately the only sufferer was the medicine-chest; and soon our beasts were eagerly slaking their thirst in some rain-pools down below. We lost two hours by this *short* cut, and were obliged to encamp early, as men and animals were utterly done.

From Ain Zeiyebah we went the next day to Ain el Weibeh, and here Sheik Sulieman, to our great regret, took leave of us. He said he had just learned that during his absence an Arregât had been killed by one of his tribe, and so, until the vendetta had been accomplished, he dared not enter Wady Mûsa where the Arregât abound. He looked as disappointed as he expressed himself, and we took a touching farewell; one only of our party, who had mistrusted him from the beginning, muttered her doubts and repudiated our regrets. "I do not trust him: he *may* be like Marcus Aurelius in face, but I don't trust him!"

As early as 6 A.M. the heat of the sun was great, and we would gladly have gone straight to the foot of the pass, the key of Petra, but here we experienced the disadvantage of horses and mules. It was important to find water before ascending the pass, for the poor mules were heavily laden and the day excessively hot. Often

had we been tried by the Eastern ignorance of distance and time, but never so sorely tried as on this day. "Soon, soon," proved perpetually hope deferred, and finally in despair we turned back to the mouth of the dry stream-bed leading to Nagb Ruba'f, and from one Dutch oven to another we went, until a steep ascent brought us to the head of the pass. We had intended to camp in Wady Mûsa, but this proved quite impossible. Ten hours without an atom of shade was trying work for ourselves and our horses, but it was far worse for the baggage animals, which could not arrive for another two hours; so we chose our camping-ground, a grass plateau just over the pass, and joyfully hailed the news of water close by. How we drank! how voraciously our horses drank! and by the evening the mules had absolutely drained the pool. Not a drop was left for even hands and face washing; and as our Arabs had stolen the water from our pigskins, our allowance was short. A very noisy night had we, men and animals in close quarters, and sleep about as possible as if we were in the middle of very noisy stables and a mob raging outside, added to which the donkeys brayed more vigorously than ever.

While the packing up was going on the next morning, we stood watching the sunrise reflected over the mountains and plain below; the mountains, sweeping along over the plain in a succession of waves narrowing into tongues that cut far into the Arabah, were of an amethyst coloring, only deepened where the shadows fell. After an hour and a half's riding over the mountain-sides, greened with scanty herbage and dappled here and there with yews, the bare stone heads, red or grey, rising out of the green, we passed under Mount Hor.

Soon our way led through a valley, now broad, now narrow, shut in by grand cliffs and rocks; red, chocolate, blue-grey, and yellow, in continual variety of form and combination of color, with oleanders, herbs, flowers, and grasses perfecting the beauty of the way. The sandstone markings have been well compared to raw beef, watered silk, Sicilian jasper, agate, etc. On one side you may see the most delicate stippling, and further on, it is as though Dame Nature had recklessly dashed her colors, so rich is the effect of great boulders of unbroken red, or maybe dull purple. And these rocks, thus remarkable in color, marking, and form, were used by the Nabatheans more than

two thousand years ago for a procession of sepulchres, as strange as the rocks themselves. No two are exactly the same. Considered individually, they have little beauty—Greek architecture in its decadence; but looked at as a whole, worked into and out of these wonderful rocks, they present a most striking effect.

So we rode on, tombs around and at our feet, until we came to the site of the old city, overlooked by temples, and the amphitheatre close at hand. Here we chose our camping-ground, and then made for the Sîk, where the valley contracts into a gorge. Brushing through oleanders, and cool in the delicious shadows of the rocks, our admiration increased at every step, at the markings, giant or delicate and intricate, and the gorgeous coloring. Standing in a very narrow part, we looked back at the Khazneh or Treasury, as the Corinthian temple is called—and very striking it is, wrenched from the rocks, in uninjured majesty, a temple of pale vermillion stone. But I am not writing a description of Petra; that has been done as far as is possible by others. We visited tombs, and speculated over their history; looked at the amphitheatre, and finally leaving all photographing, sketching, and climbing to the morrow, we gave ourselves up to the luxury of a rest away from noise, sand, and glare, and stretched at full length on the grass in a corner off the track, in, as we believed, entire and undisturbed possession of the land of Edom. As the day wore on, and no Fellahin appeared, our vague expectations changed to secure content; we heard no sounds, and only two passers-by stopped, joined us, and of course asked for money; but after a time they left us, and our sense of security increased, until at last some were of the opinion that there was no foundation for the evil reports of Petra. "Where are the crowds of Fellahin?" we asked; only Sit Maryam, the Cassandra of our party, urged that we were still in Petra, in a voice suggestive of the proverbial warning, "Do not holloa until you are out of the wood!"

Towards sunset, the cravings of nature roused us from our retreat, and as soon as we neared the camp we perceived that our arrival had become known, and that a Bedoween *séance* had begun. Visitor after visitor arrived, to get what they could by asking, and to steal all they could on the sly. White coffee, *i.e.* sugar and water, was being largely called for; also, dinner! dinner! Joseph Hake, dragoon, and the servants, had for days past

groaned and sighed and wished that Wady Mûsa was over; and when we had declared our intention of a three days' visit, they groaned still more, and vainly urged that Petra could be seen in a day; and on this Saturday evening Joseph again begged to leave early on the morrow, for more Fellahin would come, and no one could say what would happen. At last a compromise was arrived at; we were to start on horseback at five A.M., ride through the valley, revisit temple and tomb—and the tents should also be struck, and all packed: then, if on our return at ten o'clock we should find occasion to leave, we should ascend the pass, and encamp again at Nagb Ruba'î; if not, we would remain in Wady Mûsa for Sunday and Monday. With this resolution we went to bed, and what a night we had! Row, row, row; compared with which all former experiences were as child's play.

Very early on Sunday the day's orders rang out in the camp, "We go to-day;" the chief reason being that our rations were getting low, and the wholesale entertaining of these cultures was a very serious tax. We breakfasted in tolerable peace, only rather anxious, as we heard the voices rising louder and louder, and glimpses of Joseph showed his face more and more anxious. He closed the tent and begged us to remain inside. "Money! money!" was the cry. In vain did El Hawagis declare by interpretation that he had no more, and show empty pockets and purse, excepting for a few *bishliks* (base coin) which they contemptuously refused. Money they would have. The evening before one hundred and twenty-five medjities (22½) had been paid to Sheikh Abdullah of the Fellahin as poll tax; twenty-five more as dinner money (*pour manger*!) for the same worthy, his horses and men; and yet another twenty for *guida*, as they call scenery—an expensive view, suggesting a high state of culture. All this might be considered as lawful charge in the way of black mail. But this was by no means all. Five skins of water were forced upon us, price ten medjities. The money paid, the water was carried off, and given to the sheik's horses. Next a sheep and two lambs were offered for twelve napoleons; and there was nothing for it but to take them.

"Give us tobacco! more, more, for us and our men," urged Abdullah, as soon as the sheep were paid for.

"We have none left," we answered.

"Then here is some" (offering about half a pound); "pay for it, ten medjities, it will do for us."

"Ten medjities for only that tobacco!" remonstrated our dragoman.

Again he had to yield, and away stalked the vulture with the money and the handful of tobacco. By-and-by a boy stole four eggs from our kitchen and handed them to another noble sheik, Arteesh by name, whom the servants called "chief robber." He kindly offered these eggs at a medjidy apiece.

"We have enough; we want no more," said Joseph.

"You *must* buy them, you *must* take them;" and, after another long argument, the force of power prevailed, and Joseph paid four medjities for his own eggs.

Time went by, the numbers swelled, the cook was distracted, and the dragoman driven nearly wild. Butter was brought—bad oil rather.

"Here are three pounds of butter," quoth Mohammed; "we do not want it. It is a present; take it, we know one another" (embracing Joseph), "take it."

"We do not want it," again answered Joseph, who could hardly believe his senses when the butter-man slipped away, apparently pacified; but in another second the cook turned round to see Mohammed coolly emptying his butter into a saucepan and adding water! And when he had by his rising fury won the four medjities, he took away half of the watered butter "to cook my own dinner."

And yet another *present* had we. Ibrahim, a Fellahin, the most evil-looking man I have ever seen, brought four pomegranates. He recommended himself to our notice by a testimonial, signed "Wilfred Scawen Blunt," to this effect: "I have travelled several days with Ibrahim Abu Mohammed; he is a merry fellow, and one of the best poets I have met." He might be Apollo himself for all we knew (not outwardly; in that respect an "old clo'" man, with every evil passion concentrated in his expression, would best represent him); but as to his merriness, our future experience made us realize forcibly the truth that tastes differ. Mr. Blunt may have enjoyed Ibrahim Eltish's society for several days. We found as many hours much more than enough. But to return to the pomegranates.

"A present!" cried he, after again falling upon Joseph's neck, with many epithets expressing his tender and fraternal affection.

"We do not want——"

"A present — two medjidies!"

So Joseph offered a quarter, a half, and of course ended by having to pay the old wretch the two medjidies. All this 56*l.* was in Saturday's budget; and Sunday morning had dawned to fresh demands and added complications, for Sheik Sulieman Eben Diab of the Haweitat, ally of the Petra Fellahin, had arrived with his party, his claims, and his grievances.

"Who told you to come here? We do not want you!"

To which Joseph answered that he had come peaceably with Sheiks Hamzeh, Abbás, and Salím; and that, as other visitors came, so had we.

"You must pay four dollars for each horse and mule," was the first demand.

In vain it was urged that the poll tax had been paid, and that no rule existed concerning horses and mules.

"It is a new rule," was the retort; "we have made it ourselves. Give it me; four dollars each."

"I have not money enough," answered Joseph.

"Ask your master."

"He has no more."

Joseph then appealed to El Hawagis, who for the hundredth time showed his empty pockets, and explained that it was even so.

"Why has he no money? Give four dollars for each."

"I have not the money — my master has not the money. I have paid the old rules; all besides Sheik Abbás said he would pay, and told my master to bring no more, for all beyond he would pay."

At this Abbás was attacked; but I need hardly say he had no money, and urged that all taxes had been paid.

"Why did you tell the dog of a Christian to bring no more? You should have made him bring much — very much money!" and thereupon they fell on poor Abbás and beat him about, while Sheik Sulieman persevered in his demands.

"You must stay until you pay, or fetch it; and we will keep your people here."

Then in despair the dragoman answered, "I will see if I have any," and to our surprise sent one Abu Nakhleh — that is to say, Father of the Palm-tree — a waiter, to his store, deep within his girdle in the canteen in our tent. We held the door fast, and crouched behind the box; Abu Nakhleh counted out ten napoleons. They were paid, and the tents were struck, all except the dining one in which we ladies were.

"Why is this?" asked Sulieman.

"We want to leave."

"You must pay first for spending three days here."

"Well, sheik, we have not money enough."

"Don't come to Wady Mûsa without much money; we keep your party until you pay money," and, after another wearisome dispute, there was no alternative but to yield; and again was Abu Nakhleh sent to the treasury for fifteen napoleons more. This is the bill: —

For seeing Wady Mûsa Sunday and Monday . . . . .	20 medjidies.
Water, Sunday and Monday . . . . .	10 "
Three Watchers! . . . . .	10 "
More tobacco for Sheiks . . . . .	5 "
Five sheep to feed fifteen men (why?) . . . . .	25 "
Dinners for Sheiks and men for two days . . . . .	60 "
<b>TOTAL,</b>	<b>130 medjidies.</b>

That is, 23*l.*

"How much pay for horses from Hebron?"

"3*l.* 10*s.* each."

"Then you must pay 10*l.* 10*s.* more for three riders riding round the valley with you for three days."

"We have no riders, we go to-day."

"Give 10*l.* 10*s.* more."

And so our little bill rose to 43*l.* 10*s.*, each item being the cause of much discussion, Joseph doing his very best, but being forced to yield, as the robbers were more than ten to one; and whereas hitherto there had been a fixed black mail and some honor among thieves, now (owing it seems to the feud among the controlling tribes), there is not even the rule there was. "We are all sheiks," cried one man; "give all a share;" and besides Joseph was alarmed by the fanatical spirit shown in the abusive language regarding us. Quoth Sheik Sulieman, "We do not want any Christians here; you all ought to be killed; we do not want you; we take enough from the pilgrims to Mecca; we want no Christian devils here; we do not care for any consul, or sultan, or king; we are enough for ourselves; no more Christians here."

Meantime the cook had a sorry time of it, besieged on all sides, punched and threatened by these club-armed men. Abdullah brought him a skin of milk. As usual "We do not want any," was the answer. "You *must* buy it. *We* have had no breakfast; give us bread to soak, and pay us. We will have it." The instant the money was paid, the skin was coolly

emptied on the ground, and water with a coloring of milk, not apparently worth the drinking, thrown away. Abu Nakhleh was clearing up and packing the canteen in our tent; and we kept guard on one side, while the gentlemen and servants did their best without. Again and again we heard, "No, no; ladies!" as attempts were made to push in. Twice entrances were repulsed; and the third time Abdullah, in sheepskin and scarlet, took up his abode with us, and soon a second crept in; and grinning hideously in our faces they asked for money. As we remained silent, they, to assist our intelligence, advanced to us acting the gruesome pantomime of cutting throats! Our guard being outnumbered, we were told to leave the tent by the back, as more were pressing in; and we stood outside by our water-bottles and saddlebags, while our horses were being saddled; and soon, in a lull we instinctively felt to be a false calm, we rode slowly away, Sheik Salim leading, followed by the luncheon-mule, ourselves in single file, the gentlemen and dragoman bringing up the rear. The great object being to get away, we left the muleteers and Abbás to follow as soon as possible with the baggage.

Suddenly, as we were passing a cave (which we had noticed on our entry as a capital luncheon-place) Sheik Sulieman, our enemy, tore past us, and ordered Salim to stop; they exchanged words, and then, as if by a spell, we were all drawn into the cave, and the canteen mule was unladen to order. There we waited, watching the scene in growing, unconfessed anxiety; the mule and his burden beside him, Ibrahim (waiter) and a few Fellahin in the van on one side, and opposite, keeping the mouth of the cave, the insatiable sheik of the Haweitat and a dozen of his fellows, Arteesh, etc., looking worse than a cat does with a mouse, literally grinning with the power of their position, caring for nothing but money, and ready to explode with passion at the least provocation. Joseph's face was enough to trouble us, so full was it of real anguish; and we saw that he was keeping a tight rein over himself. As he has since told us: "Believe me, sir, I made myself so low, I went on the ground, I put myself under their feet, I was as dirt, as a worm, as an old woman, as a little child. I begged and prayed them not to touch you. I said, 'For God's sake do what you will with me, but leave them alone!' I was black in my heart, I wished to fight them, I told many lies, I promised many things;

for I saw that if I said one cross word, they would all fight, and they would not care what they did to you. They said they would carry off the ladies to the mountains, if we did not pay; they said so many things, so bad I cannot tell you." Fortunately we did not understand; the few words we caught here and there did not tend to relieve our anxiety; and "more money" was the changeless burden of the song. At last Sulieman demanded 25*l.* as payment for their attention in coming to bid us farewell.

"We have no money; we say good-bye here; but there is no charge; it never has been," said Joseph.

"It is changed—I must have it. If you do not pay, you all go back into Wady Mûsa."

He then bade Arteesh secure our horses, while the canteen was searched, and twelve napoleons, the last of the dragoman's store, were taken.

"This is not enough. We want twenty-two napoleons more."

"We have no more anywhere," we repeated; whereat threats were renewed, and El Hawagis declared that he would not leave us, so if we ladies were carried off no more money could be fetched from Jerusalem; but he suggested as a happy thought that one or more of the sheiks of Petra should accompany us to Jerusalem; where he would pay them 50*l.* and give them a safe-conduct back with an escort of soldiers. This proposal, however, did not seem to commend itself to our enemies, who laughed their refusal in our faces, and renewed their clamor for more money. But there was no more, and at last Sheik Sulieman rose, broke up the conference, and said magnanimously, "I forgive you this time; you may go on."

So on again went we, old Hamzeh the leader this time, a most deplorable bundle of rags, with gouty feet on a very Rozi-nante of a steed. Every moment we felt we might be surprised, and the old Afghan stories haunted us as we realized the power of these mountain passes, and the innumerable ambushes they offered. Looking back from time to time, we saw Joseph followed by six men sent after him, as Sulieman did not believe he had no money. They laid hold of Joseph, unhorsed him, and when he reiterated that he had indeed no more, they took his pistol, saying they would keep his horse.

"I do not mind," said he: "you will not gain much."

"We will take the others too if you do not pay."



"I *have* paid four times over what we used to pay."

"You paid Sheik Abdullah and Sheik Sulieman; but we are all sheiks; pay us like them."

And they drew their scimitars, and one man pointed the pistol.

"We swear we have no more," cried Joseph.

"Then be kept here until your master sends for more."

But they let the horse go; and Joseph rode on, still surrounded by men.

At the top of the pass it was ordered that we must instantly water our horses at the spring (our camping ground of two nights ago); and then ride with all possible speed to Ain el Bawedey. Joseph said no harm would happen to the muleteers and servants; and as to our luggage we had not a thought, so anxious were we to get away.

The horses satisfied, we hastened back to Joseph, as the increasing babel above made us fear that more of the enemy had arrived; and there they were, Ibrahim Eltish and Mohammed, his son, and many others.

"You shall not go," grinned Ibrahim; "you have not paid for the sheep; they are mine; you paid the wrong man. Pay me."

"You do wrong, we *have* paid," answered the dragoman.

"If you speak we will not let you out; we will kill you all. Pay! ask your master — pay!"

"Take the baggage, but we have no more money."

Unconvinced, the old ruffian sat himself down cross-legged, grinning; and there were we at his mercy! for not only were our enemies armed with knives, scimitars, and clubs, but we knew that in an instant they could by a call people the rocks with Fellahin; and when you consider that they are as nimble as wild goats, and have every man his club, you will agree that discretion was very much the better part of valor. El Hawagis protested. Sit Ida offered her watch, which they refused; and we had another prolonged cat and mouse experience, with much wearisome altercation and protestation, and a repetition of the pantomime of the tent by Ibrahim Eltish, who gracefully waved his scimitar in front of Sit Ida's throat. At last El Hawagis said, —

"They won't believe us; we must go; every moment makes our position worse."

Further delay was caused by Hassan,

muleteer, refusing to move until the other mule should arrive.

"Then I will take the mule; for go without the canteen and water I will not," said El Hawagis. However, he gained the day, and Hassan yielded. Next, Joseph declared he must stay for the baggage. El Hawagis was nearly desperate; but nothing would shake Joseph's resolution; and for the third time our procession moved along. Instead of the caravan of fifty-three, counting men and beasts, which had entered Petra, there now went back into the Arabah plain, our six selves, Ibrahim Waiter, little Hassan, Sheik Salim, and four of our Bedoween body-guard; the other valiant seven had vanished in the hour of difficulty. It was wretched leaving Joseph alone with the Fellahin; we afterwards learnt that he thought to keep them off by staying behind, and was quite prepared to die. For six hours we rode down the rocks to the foot of the pass; once we asked Salim if we were safe; he only made a gesture of silence and looked anxiously around. We halted under a sunt-tree in the Arabah, had some water and overlooked our stores — three chickens, five eggs, half a cheese, some coffee, two loaves of bread, and a few biscuits; and this possibly to feed thirteen people for four days. Our position was grave, and every morsel of food must be jealously guarded; as, should Joseph and our mules be detained, we had, travelling at utmost speed, a four days' journey before we could reach Jerusalem and organize a rescue; and there was the additional anxiety as to our horses; for with no barley, and only such rank grass as grew at the two springs, Ain el Bawedey and Ain Zeiyebah, it was too probable that they would fail us before the journey's end. On we went again, as soon as El Hawagis had persuaded the Bedoween, much against their will, to do so; they were afraid of crossing the desert in our reduced numbers; and now we were only twelve, one Arab having been bribed by the promise of a pistol to stay and wait for Joseph, to tell him our destination.

About six o'clock our Bedoween began to whisper and to make signs; and we strained our eyes for the few camels and men, said to be moving far away on the horizon. We just discerned something moving against the dying sun; and half doubtful rode on. The moon and the stars were beautiful, and whenever there was any uncertainty about the way, Salim

sent his men as scouts to look for foot-marks. Once we were almost done, but a strip of sand, with its guiding prints, saved us; and joyfully we all exclaimed, "Camels' feet!"

Instantly the Bedoween stooped down and felt the marks, to know which way they were turned. "Right, right," and so on we rode.

The way in which these men disappeared and reappeared in the desert, with only a shrub or two scattered about for cover, was quite uncanny; and their alertness and acuteness this evening struck us as a curious contrast to their ordinary indifference and lack of observation when travelling. I was next to Salim, and, whenever he galloped off for a personal scout, El Hawagis called out to me, "Keep the sheik in sight;" thus at about 9.30 he cried "Warārāh!" and away flew his Arab until I could only see him, a faint white spot, in the distance. I followed him, not daring to move my eyes: he paused on the border of a sort of jungle we recognized as the entry to our spring; and, as I came up, I saw the three Bedoween crouched in an attitude of intense attention, and Salim also leveling his ear. The horse even seemed to be listening—for what? I could hear nothing, but Salim turned for a second, and said, "Hush!" which I handed on to my friends, who, one by one, were riding up. Sit Maryam's horse was almost done; and she and Rousel brought up the rear. There we all stood: once more Salim made a sign of imperative silence, and, waving us back, stole into the thicket. We now heard voices, and Ibrahim Waiter said, "Stay here; I will go and see," and also disappeared. My ardent steed would not be still, and but for Rousel's help, who dismounted and came to me, I could not have kept my Pegasus from following; and every movement and rustle were to be avoided. We heard voices again, and then two shots in quick succession, then deathly silence. It was really awful, and for the first time that day my heart sank, and I thought, "We are done for!" It was all over in another moment, but it seemed hours; and I shall never forget the faces of my friends, as we stood close together among the tamarisks, waiting for we knew not what. "El Hawagis! El Hawagis!" rang out in Ibrahim's voice, and the joyfulness of his tone prepared us for his next words—"Come on! All right! Here is Joseph!" Sit Ida dashed on, and we all

followed; and Sulieman, the faithful messenger, sprang forward, crying, "Sit Ida! Sit Ida! *marhabā! marhabā!* (welcome! welcome!) Is it well with thee?" He covered her hands with kisses, and ran from horse to horse with salutations and hand-kissings; and in another second there was Joseph himself, seizing our hands, pouring out his inquiries, and repeating over and over again, "Thank God you are safe!" and with all our hearts we re-echoed, "Yes, Joseph: thank God!"

He had escaped at last, and, with the baggage, had made his way to the sun-tree, and, fearing we might suffer, had left the weary camels and mules to follow early the next day, and himself pressed on with a tent and rugs. He did not know the way, so he sent a mule ahead, who guided him straight to Ain el Bawedey, water proving a sure bait. He told us that the barley had been taken, saddlebags cut, and our store of coffee, dates, tinned meat, etc., had suffered seriously in consequence. They had also robbed the servants and muleteers of some money and clothes, but apparently scorned our small wardrobes; and Joseph explained their refusal of Sit Ida's watch, by saying that they did not understand it, and could not dispose of it.

We awoke on Monday morning to hear that the baggage had come, and there, under one tent-head, lay the servants and muleteers; in the full sun, the Bedoween deserters, and their chiefs; and around, donkeys, horses, camels, and mules—all sound asleep. By five P.M. the worst heat was over; and, rested and refreshed, we all set out for an eight hours' march in brilliant moonlight, showing the sky blue, and the cliffs red and yellow, as we remembered in Nubia. Sheik Abbās recited a passage from the Koran, which is usual in journeys of danger, or after misfortune. Poor Abbās! he looked like a dog with its tail between its legs. He and Salim had both wished to fight, but Joseph restrained them; "For what," said he, "would be the good?"

Our adventure was discussed again and again, and we learnt to our indignation that Sheik Sulieman Abu Sa'īd (he with the head of Marcus Aurelius!) had been a traitor, had fabricated his excuse for leaving us, had sent word to Eljī of the arrival of a large English party, and himself made straight for Kerak, possibly intending to sally thence into Petra with a party of his own. Sit Maryam never

From St. James's Gazette.

## ROAD-MAKING.

trusted this hero of mine, and was triumphant in her penetration. I tried to discover mistakes, and to suggest other sources of information, but alas! the evidence was too good; it came from the robbers themselves. Base Sulieman had not a leg to stand on, and if a rumor that reached us in Jerusalem was true, he suffered for his treachery. The story ran that he and other men of Kerak arrived in Wady Mûsa after we had left, and, asking where the strangers were, were directed to Nagb Ruba'î, and, when they found themselves deceived, returned to Eljî, and demanded a share of the spoil. This was refused, a fight ensued, and several, Sulieman among the number, were killed. Arteesh and the other Sulieman and his brother were also said to be dead; but, as we had no means of verifying the story, we could only consider it as a rumor, at least likely to be true.

The third day of our march, as we reached the western shores of the Dead Sea, our Bedoween began to shout and to sing. "They are happy now," said Joseph; "they are in their own country again." And our anxieties were also over; for we now knew ourselves to be near to plenty of food and abundance of water, the olive groves of Hebron, and rest and our friends in Jerusalem.

I have told my tale, such as it is, and nothing remains but to advise other travellers to content themselves with Sinai and the Holy Land, and not to flatter themselves that any precautions can make a visit to Petra absolutely safe. You may take only one tent, and surround yourself with a body-guard ten times more numerous than was ours, but there will still be the hope of Frankish money, and the body-guard may disappear just when needed.

True, the last night of our journey, when we were far away from Petra, our Arabs favored us with a war-dance, and extemporized songs, vowing vengeance on Wady Mûsa, praising us up to the skies, and declaring themselves our slaves and defenders forever. But "humbbug," said Ibrahim Waiter; "what would they do? Run away!"

No, Petra, as Petra is at present, is no safe place for ordinary travellers, and one must look on, hoping for future days, when "the strong city," "the city of stone," "the red land," may become the Friendly Valley instead of the Land of the Enemy.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

September, 1882.

JOHN LOUDON MCADAM, according to his own account, returned to Scotland from America in 1783, when the Scotch Turnpike Acts had been about twenty years in operation and roads were still being made everywhere. He got appointed a commissioner of roads, and afterwards removed to Bristol, where he obtained a similar post and was made a magistrate. Gifted with a mania on the subject, he began about 1794 to travel over the country at his own cost; and these labors he continued from Inverness to the Land's End for six-and-twenty years, for no other purpose, apparently, than to search for a well-made road and the best means of making one. In this way he spent nineteen hundred and twenty days, covered thirty thousand miles, and expended over £5,000. These facts being well known in Bristol, he was in 1816 induced to take the post of general surveyor to the Turnpike Trust, which then managed all the surrounding roads. These, to the extent of one hundred and forty-eight miles, were rapidly and "entirely re-formed, and put into the best possible state for use, at an expense considerably within the annual revenue of the Trust" — which had previously been in debt £290 a mile. This soon attracted general attention: his advice and assistance were sought in all directions. Meanwhile he must have had a correspondence greater than that of many a minor government office, for he explained his principles and plans to every one with perfect candor; and his enthusiasm was such that his gratuitous services were at the disposal of all who came to him or sent for him. What was the talk of the whole country at length engaged the attention of Parliament, and a select committee was appointed in 1819.

McAdam's plan of road-making differed as much from the old way which he found in operation as a bridge does from a ford. Instead of going deep for a "bottoming," he worked solely on the top. Instead of producing a peaked, roof-like mass of rough, soft rubbish, he got a flat, smooth, and solid surface. In lieu of a road four feet and a half through, he made one of at most ten inches in thickness; and for rocks and boulders he substituted stone broken small. His leading principle was that a road ought to be considered as an artificial flooring, so strong and even as to let the heaviest vehicle pass over it with-

out impediment. Then people began to hear with wonder of roads thirty and forty feet wide rising only three inches in the centre; and he propounded the extraordinary heresy that a better and more lasting road could be made over the naked surface of a morass than over solid rock. Another of his easy first principles was that the native soil was more resistant when dry than when wet, and that, as in reality it had to carry not only the traffic but the road also, it ought to be kept in the condition of greatest resistance; that the best way of keeping it dry was to put over it a covering impervious to rain — the road, in fact; and that the thickness of this covering was to be regulated solely in relation to its imperviousness, and not at all as to its bearing of weights, to which the native soil was quite equal. Instead of digging a trench, therefore, to do away with the surface of the native soil, he carefully respected it, and raised his road sufficiently above it to let the water run off. Impermeability he obtained by the practical discovery that stones broken small and shaken and pressed together, as by the traffic on a road, rapidly settled down face to face and angle to angle, and made as close a mass as a wall. Mankind in general now believe that this last is all that McAdam invented: the rest is forgotten. That important fraction of his discoveries is what has given to us the verb *to macadamise* ("to pave a road with small broken stones" — Skeat), and to the French their nouns — *macadam* ("nom d'un pavage inventé par un Anglais" — Littré), *macadamisage*, and the verb *macadamiser*. If a man is knocked down by an omnibus in the middle of the boulevard, a Parisian bystander will nowadays say: "Je l'ai vu tomber sur le macadam."

Surprise followed surprise. Roads which were mere layers of broken stone, six, four, and even as little as three inches in thickness, passed through the worst winters without breaking up, while, as the coachmen used to say, they "ran true; the wheel ran hard upon them, it ran upon the nail." Commissioners could not believe their eyes when they saw new roads made for much less than it had cost them yearly to repair their old ones. When an old road was given into McAdam's charge he often made a new one of it for £88 a mile, while round London the cost of annual repairs had been £470 a mile. For he knew that the roads — such had been the ignorant waste — generally contained materials enough for their use for

several years if properly applied. Unless the road was hopeless, he went to work in a practical, cheap way: first cutting off the "gridiron" of ruts in the centre "to a level with the bottom of the furrows;" then "picking" the road up to a depth of four inches; removing all the chalk, clay, or mud; breaking the large stones small, and simply putting them back again: and one of his directions to his workmen was that "nothing is to be laid on the clean stone on pretence of binding." But too often the road was so bad, as at Egham, that it had to be removed to its foundations.

For the repairs of his roads, when once made, he always chose wet weather, and "loosened the hardened surface with a pick" before putting on the fresh broken stone: things familiar enough to us now, but paradoxes then to all the confraternities of the roads. In this way he had the greatest success with the freestone near Bath, and on a road out of Bristol towards Old Down, where everybody had always said a good road never would be made with the materials available. This impossible road of eleven miles, which the postmaster-general, as a last resource, was about to indict, he perfected in two months, in 1816, for £55 a mile. Indeed as to materials, they were to some extent a matter of indifference to him, provided they were stones and stones only. Flint (Essex and Sussex), he said, made an excellent road, if only broken properly small; limestone (Wilts, Somerset, and Gloucester) consolidates soonest of all, but is not the most lasting; the pebbles of Shropshire and Staffordshire were also good, and the beach-pebbles of Essex, Kent, and Sussex were some of the best materials in the kingdom; but the whinstone or granite of the north and of Scotland he pronounced the most durable.

Even in the breaking of stones McAdam made a revolution. He saw that able-bodied men standing up with heavy hammers wasted the greater portion of their strength. He made his stone-breakers sit, so that all the force of the blows took direct effect on the stone; and the result was that he found small hammers did the work perfectly well, and thus was enabled to confine it to old men past hard labor, women, and boys, which reduced the cost of the broken stone by one-half. The size to which the stone should be broken he determined in a practical way by the area of contact of an ordinary wheel with a smooth road. This he found to be about an inch lengthwise; and therefore

he laid it down that "a stone which exceeds an inch in any of its dimensions is mischievous" — that is to say, that the wheel in pressing on one end of it tends to lift the other end out of the road. In practice he found it simplest to fix a weight of six ounces; and his surveyors carried about scales to test the largest stones in each heap. He would allow no large stones even for the foundation of his roads, for he found they constantly worked upwards by the pressure and vibration of the traffic. The whole road was small broken stone, even over swampy ground.

But there is nothing new under the sun; and Mr. Cripps, a Surrey magistrate, stated in the same year that in Sweden, where the roads were "more beautiful than any he ever beheld," McAdam's system (quite unknown to him) had long been in operation — the roads being almost perfectly flat, and the granite for them being broken even as small as walnuts. Telford, too, "a gentleman," as the entertaining Mogg observed, "whose works as an engineer continue to panegyryze his name," had been at work in north Wales, laying the Holyhead and other roads of an elliptical section which was almost flat.

McAdam, having expended so much of his private resources for the public benefit, found himself embarrassed about 1820, and petitioned Parliament for his expenses and some reward. He was for some time sent about from post to pillar between committees, the Treasury, and the Post-Office, and repeated his petition in 1823, when at length a select committee was appointed to consider his case. They reported that he had essentially benefited agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, by the ease of traffic he had introduced; that he had reduced horse-labor and the consequent expense of horses, had diminished the wear and tear of carriages of all kinds, and had increased the comfort, convenience, and safety of the public generally. They added that wherever he had gone to work he had brought down the poor-rates by finding employment for "the surplus laboring population," and had abolished the odious impost of statute labor. In fact, he had fulfilled the expectations of the committee of 1811, who prophesied a minimum saving of five millions whenever the roads should be put in good order. This committee of 1823 also reported that the system of "appointing a large number of noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen as

commissioners of roads" had failed. The result was that McAdam was voted £10,000; and a surveyor-general of metropolitan roads having been appointed in 1827, he got the post. He died in 1836.

McAdam had no special or technical education; and yet by force of "ability and indefatigable exertions," to which all bore testimony, he discovered what no professional engineer (if in some particulars we except Telford) had been able to descry. One of the many definitions of that elusive term "genius" is a transcendent capacity for taking trouble. In this sense McAdam undoubtedly was a man of genius.

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From The Liverpool Mercury.  
GREAT BELLS.

THE enormous dimensions and prodigious weight of "Great Paul," the new bell for St. Paul's Cathedral, have been so frequently and fully described that at first sight it seems unnecessary to do more than repeat that the inert monster soon to be the loudest-voiced inhabitant of the great city that is to be its home, weighs seventeen tons, is nine feet high, and nearly ten feet across the bow. As these dimensions convey, however, only an imperfect idea of its gigantic proportions, it may not be amiss to supplement the statement so often made public by an account of other celebrated bells, their sizes, weights, and manufacture. "Big Ben," the largest of the five bells which chime the quarters and strike the hours in the great tower of Westminster, weighs thirteen and one-half tons, and its companion voices are of the respective weights of four tons, thirty-six hundredweight, thirty hundredweight, and twenty hundredweight. "Big Ben" has a crack in it, occasioned by the non-amalgamation of the tin, and hence is deprived of a large part of the compass of its organ, for it is a necessity of its condition that a hammer of only four hundredweight, instead of one of twice that weight, should be employed in the use of it. Some authors assert that it was the pope Sabinien, in the year 604 (the immediate successor of St. Gregory), who first prescribed the use of bells in order to announce the holy offices of the Church; and, though this may be doubtful, it is certain that clocks have been hung in churches from the seventh century. Viollet-le-Duc states that these primitive bells were small com



pared with ours, though the greatest of them (given by King Robert to the Church of Saint-Aignan d'Orléans in the eleventh century) weighed not less than twenty-six hundred pounds, or about twenty-three hundredweight. Rodolphe abbé de Saint-Trond, in the beginning of the twelfth century, gave bells to the church of his monastery, and these are said to have weighed from two hundred up to three thousand pounds. Guillaume Durand, in his chapter on bells, describes them as inverted vases, manufactured near to Nole, a town of the Campagna. He says the largest were called *Campane*, and the smaller *Nolæ* after the town just mentioned. Other authorities, however, say that Durand is not to be relied upon. It is pretty clear that it was about the thirteenth century that the manufacture of bells became a special study, for it appears to have been in that century that they became great in dimensions and very perfect in execution. Indeed, bell-making became at once a science and an art: a science on the mechanical, and an art on the musical, side of their manufacture. In these Middle Ages people loved them and made them in prodigious numbers, revering them for their sacred associations, and honoring their makers as among the possessors of almost miraculous gifts. According to Viollet-le-Duc, the Greeks, though a most polished people, had few bells until they were reduced under the Ottoman dominion, and even at the present day they are said to use but few, resorting instead to the expedient of striking iron or wood in order to assemble people together. The Italians, again, who pride themselves upon their refinement, have few bells compared with the number of their churches, although, indeed, the first impression derived upon entrance into certain Italian cities at eventide is that a church and church bells must exist at every street corner. The Italians have some of the largest bells existing. The Germans and Flemish have numbers of bells of large size; but the French, as a nation (especially the educated French), are understood to have a great horror of them; Thiers, for example, describing their clangor as the most pestilential nuisance to which his bewildered brain was ever subject. French writers, indeed, make little concealment of their opinion that only peasants, people of low degree, people of weak intellect, idiots, and mutes, love bells, and that educated people have no great liking for them. We in England cherish a great

affection for bells, and whether this is due to religious associations or to some less serious cause is perhaps not easy to determine. There would seem to be something in the genius of the English mind that can be appealed to by bells. Longfellow's treatment of the subject in the "Golden Legend" and "Belfry of Bruges" finds a responsive echo among countless English readers who do not perhaps see their way to the acceptance of the tradition of the encounter of St. Michael (the patron saint) with the powers of darkness in their attempt to muffle the consecrated voices. Many readers are agreeably familiar, too, with Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," set to music in cantata form by Romberg; and few are ignorant of Edgar Allan Poe's memorable lines, or Tennyson's noble stanzas in "In Memoriam." We have said nothing of the Russian love of bells, but this has in a single instance, at least, reached a point of superstitious awe, if not of bigotry, involving stupidity and foolish pride. An early number of the *New Monthly Magazine* states that Boris Godonoff, who waded through a few crimes to usurp a throne, thought to atone for past misdemeanors and gain everlasting happiness by giving to the cathedral of Moscow a bell of two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds weight. The empress Anne, however who had very few public sins to regret, still thought to outdo all the sovereigns of Russia in true Christian piety, and so had the bell recast, and added thereto two thousand *pounds* of eighteen pounds each *pound*, so that this truly pious atonement for past sins, public and private, now weighs about three hundred and sixty-eight thousand pounds, making, no doubt, the largest and most useless bell in the world. The noisy mass was once properly placed in the belfry, but the belfry was destroyed by fire, and down fell the atonement of Godonoff and Anne into a dark hole, where it lies (or did recently lie) partly covered by water, and remains to be redeemed by the piety of an Alexander. On its way from Longborough to London, "Great Paul" has been the object of a good deal of interest, amounting, indeed, to superstitious awe. During its progress through the country young children were brought out to touch it, and old people hobbled out of their easy chairs to look upon it. The time has gone by when we regard the church bell as the exorciser of evil spirits, but "Great Paul" has an interest apart from religion.